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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

PACIFIC QUESTIONS

THE London *Outlook* sums up as follows the present situation regarding Yap — which, of course, assumes a new aspect with the probable broadening of the issues to be discussed at the coming Washington Conference: —

Some of us might be inclined to say to America, 'We recognized the rights you possessed in 1918. Your domestic policies are no concern of ours, but we really could not hold up the European settlement for years until you chose to have an election; Europe, Asia, and Africa would have fallen to pieces in the meantime. Your representatives in Paris consented to what was done, inspired much of it, fathered the mandate system; it is too late to scrap all our decisions because another party is in power that takes a different view from your then Executive, who negotiated the treaty and formed the League in conjunction with us. We are very sorry, but we must insist upon the *status quo;* and as for the island of Yap, you must settle that direct with Japan, who holds it by decision of the Supreme Council under the League.'

We might answer thus, and there would be much to be said for our position. But it would be awkward if America made reply: 'Very well, gentlemen. We helped to win your war, you have helped yourselves to what you wanted and denied us even the one tiny territorial concession we asked, the internationalization of Yap. We suppose we are unable to do anything about all this, but you cannot expect us to regard you any longer as crusaders of Liberty who have a call upon our gratitude; suppose you settle up those demand notes of yours that we hold, for twelve milliards or so, and we shall try to forget our disappointment.' It would be very awkward if America said this. America has the legal right to do so; we could not pay; the very foundation of our being as the greatest of trading communities is our credit.

Commenting upon issues likely to be discussed at the coming Washington Conference, the London *Economist* says: —

If the United States — now the richest and potentially the strongest country in the world — are determined to possess a navy at least as strong as ours, nothing that we can do will prevent them. If we are so foolish as to enter into naval rivalry with America, and build against America, we shall most certainly be outbuilt. In the meantime, both America and Great Britain will have wasted invaluable resources and worked up an inflammable mass of national ill-feeling. An understanding between the United States and Great Britain is easier to achieve than one between the United States and Japan, although it is clear that Japan is much more willing now than in the past to contemplate a limit to naval rivalry.

After emphasizing the fact that the proposed renewal of the alliance be-

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tween Japan and Great Britain is, next to the Irish trouble, the most formidable obstacle to Anglo-American friendship, it continues: —

> The Americans are firmly resolved to maintain the open door in China, or rather to reopen the door which Japan has partially closed. They are also determined that their cable communications with the Philippines shall not be subject to Japanese control. The cable island of Yap in the occupation of Japan may to us seem to be a very small scrap of rock to make a fuss about; yet this small scrap of rock may be the cause of a very big war. Japan cannot by herself for long resist the claims of America to uncontrolled cables and to the open door in China. If it be made plain that Great Britain will not support Japan against America, then it will be to the obvious interest of Japan to come to terms with America. . . . At this moment the interests of the three maritime powers — interests economic and political — are pushing them toward a naval understanding; it is a fortunate moment, which diplomacy should seize, if it has any capacity at all for constructive statesmanship.

The Tokyo correspondent of *Vossische Zeitung* discusses this all-absorbing topic of a possible conflict between America and Japan from a strictly technical and strategic point of view. He considers that the United States Navy Department is concentrating its attention upon 'aggressive weapons'; that is, wide radius units. He does not consider that American troops could make a landing in Japan in case of war. Neither do the Japanese believe that possible. However, an effective blockade would force Japan to capitulate much sooner than Germany did. The country could not exist for much more than a year without food from Asia. At present it is dependent upon America for steel; and although it is rapidly increasing the capacity of its furnaces in China and Manchuria, some years will elapse before this source of supply, even were the sea-way kept open, will supply the requirements of a great war. Alaska, Kamchatka, and the Philippines may serve as bases against Japan; but they never can serve as bases against the United States. 'No power in the world can place the latter country in a position such as Germany, Great Britain, or Japan will have constantly to fear and guard against in case of war.' For this reason, he concludes, America, and not Japan, holds the decision of Pacific war or peace in her hands. Such a war will be fought in Asiatic waters; not in American waters. 'Domestic disorders and revolutions, so effectively used against us Germans, will in that eventuality also be used against the government of Japan.'

The London *Morning Post* prints the following rhymed review of J. O. P. Bland's last book on the Far East, which is published under the title, *China, Japan, and Korea:* —

> Of those who know China right through at first hand
> There are few to compare with John Otway P. Bland.
> And his latest critique on the land of the Chinaman
> Is published to-day. (One guinea net: Heinemann.)
> His theme is well argued. His book is well written.
> His opinion is this — that the Chinese have bitten
> A republican mouthful too large for their gizzards
> And, despite Putnam Weale, wise-acres, and wizards,
> All hope for the future's in one thing alone —
> No power to a Faction; but Power to a Throne.
> The rest of the book gives a so-so idea
> Of the aims of Japan and the hopes of Korea.

LATE IRISH INCIDENTS

A CONTRIBUTOR to the London *Sunday Times* describes a public meeting in Belfast, which was addressed by Sir James Craig, the new Premier. In the midst of his cautious remarks this speaker suddenly let slip a sentence which,

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this correspondent says, voiced the feeling of all Ireland: 'The British Government will let us down to-morrow if they think they can get anything out of it.' As evidencing the religious prejudice which made the meeting hostile to any agreement with the Southern Irish, a woman speaker is quoted as saying: 'If you go to villages in the South and West, you find magnificent (!) chapels — the homes of the priests, but paid for by the people.' A candidate at the recent election concluded his speech with these words: 'I believe that if we win this fight we'll be striking a fatal blow to the Roman Catholic faith.'

Pursuing the same theme, the correspondent reports a conversation with the Principal of a Jesuit College in Belfast: 'We're living in a prison. If I walk down the street the children spit at me. Our letters are censored and our telephone tapped. Religion, not "patriotism," is at the back of it all. We Republicans are idealists. In Ulster they are "practical men."' Nevertheless, in the opinion of this observer, anti-Republicanism outweighs anti-Catholicism in the minds of Ulster Protestants. 'Where, it is pointed out, Roman Catholics are content to do their work without raising political questions peace reigns; for there are at this day between 2,000 and 3,000 Catholics employed by Protestant firms — some even in the dockyards.'

Another phase of the Irish situation is described in a recent article in the *New Statesman*. Late in April, Major Compton Smith, a British officer who had been captured by the Irish Republican Army, was shot in reprisal for the execution of four Sinn Fein prisoners. In a farewell letter to his wife he wrote:—

I cannot tell you, sweetheart, how much it means to me to leave you alone. I have only the dearest, tenderest love for you, and my sweet little Annie [his child]. I leave my cigarette-case to the regiment, my miniature medals to my father, and my watch to the officer who is to execute me, because I believe him to be a gentleman, and mark the fact that I bear him no malice for carrying out what he sincerely believes to be his duty.

In the same issue the last message of another British prisoner, District Inspector Potter, to his wife is quoted. It is taken from an entry in his diary under the date of April 23, just before his execution: —

About 11 A.M., I was told I was to die this evening. The young men who have been guarding me have been kind all through. Their authorities have made the order and they are sorry. . . . I ask you, dear, to let no bitter words against our enemies escape you. Do not allow hatred to dwell in you. I want love in your heart. It comes from our Father.

The same chivalrous sentiments are also revealed on the other side.

Young Wheelan, who was executed in Easter week as a rebel, bade his father shake hands with his Black-and-Tan guards on the eve of his execution, and himself embraced one of them on his way to the gallows. And other Sinn Fein prisoners have written farewell messages in the same magnanimous mood. It is as if in the presence of death men lost all sense of their differences or, at least, were conscious, amid all their differences, of a new sense of identity.

A REPARATIONS SCANDAL

WE recently referred to the arrest of a high Italian officer for alleged corruption in connection with his service as chief of the Italian Armistice Commission in Vienna. The following clipping from a Vienna publication possibly gives a colored account of this episode, but it is largely confirmed by the accounts which have appeared in some Italian papers.

Immediately after the breakdown of former Austria, an Italian general, Mr.

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Segrè, appeared in Vienna with a large staff of high officers. For a long time he was chief of the Armistice Commission and supreme representative of all Allied powers in Austria. This power he wielded in the most arbitrary way for exacting whatever he pleased from helpless Austria. She was compelled to deliver a great part of her rolling-stock, goods of all kinds, and a great many art treasures to which Italy had no claim whatever. When Austria protested against these rapacious proceedings, the general threatened that he would stop all food-trains for Vienna and leave the town to complete starvation. At the same time the Italian officers were busy carrying on a most flourishing business in everything, and particularly illicit trade. Whoever wanted to smuggle his fortune out of the country, or to contravene import restrictions, etc., had only to apply to these helpers. Moreover, they embarked upon the most doubtful financial transactions on a gigantic scale. A great part of Austria's wealth passed into their hands, among it also the famous ore-mountain in Styria, Austria's greatest iron-ore mine, with the biggest iron works. When the Government tried to intervene and to buy the shares itself, General Segrè forced the Government to deliver the company to the Italian capitalists. The leader of the Italian group was another Mr. Segrè, who became one of the directors of the company!

Now the news comes from Italy that General Segrè and thirteen colonels, majors, and other officers of his staff have been arrested, being charged with having abused their official power in Austria for their own advantage and to the detriment of the state. The Italian Socialist press has long been urging that Mr. Segrè should be arrested. Among other charges, he is also accused of having allowed food destined for relief to be sold to illicit traders. It is reported that the loss of the Italian fiscus amounts to about half a milliard lire. After the occupation of Austria's southern provinces, the Italians seized several hundred million kronen, which were to be converted into lire. This transaction also gave opportunity for great abuses.

The Italian officers did also a very profitable illicit trade with the Hungarian Communist Government of Bela Kun. They sold motor-cars to this government, for which they received three million kronen in gold and twenty-four millions in paper. This money seems to have disappeared altogether. At the same time General Segrè, in the name of the Allies, forced the Austrian Government to close the frontier against Hungary; and when Austria protested, she was threatened with a renewal of the blockade!

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THE REICHSTAG GROWS RAMPAGEOUS

THE old German Reichstag was one of the most decorous legislative assemblies in Europe, partly because Germany did not have a true parliamentary government and the life and fortunes of ministries did not depend upon the outcome of debates. In this respect that body has changed for the worse under the Republic, though hitherto disorderly conduct on the floor has been confined to the interchange of such verbal courtesies as 'liar,' 'scoundrel,' and still stronger expressions, which it is not desirable to translate. Recently, fisticuffs between a Nationalist and a Communist member, who became enraged during a debate upon the assassination of Gareis, the Socialist member from Munich, whose murder we referred to in our issue of July 23, were prevented only by the courageous intervention of two lady members, one a Nationalist and the other an Independent Socialist. They seized their masculine colleagues by the coat-tails and refused to be shaken off. The Socialist lady's hair came down in the struggle, but she hung on dauntlessly, and eventually led her party colleague meekly back to his place.

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EMPIRES OF STEEL

THE London *Outlook* publishes an interesting rumor, apropos of the recent conference between Messrs. Loucheur and Rathenau, the French

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and German Ministers of Reconstruction, at Wiesbaden, to the effect that powerful financial groups in France and Germany have made overtures to an important banking family — the Warburgs, of New York and Hamburg — for a triple alliance in the iron-and-steel industry. This, of course, would leave Great Britain out in the cold. Having once fairly started in the direction of industrial recovery, French ambitions seem to have been diverted from military to economic channels. Walter Duranty, writing to this journal from Paris, refers to an article by Otto Kahn, the American banker, in *Le Matin*, in which he lays down two conditions which France must fulfill before it can hope for financial aid from America: It must do away with the spirit and atmosphere of war, and it must assume anew the ways and mentality of peace. These words 'sank home, for they came at a psychological moment.'

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SOUTH AMERICA AND THE LEAGUE

A WELL-INFORMED writer reviews, in a series of articles published by *L'Indépendance Belge*, the sentiment of South America toward the League of Nations. He suggests that the coolness of Argentina toward the League is due partly to jealousy of Brazil, which stands high in the good graces of the Allies and is treated by them, to some extent, as the spokesman for Latin America. *O Pais*, an important Brazilian journal, asserts that Argentina's neutrality during the war was of a doubtful quality which deprived it of moral strength. *El Dia*, of Montevideo, also believes that the preponderance of Brazil in the League assembly was one of the reasons for Argentina's withdrawal. The author of these articles, who shares the repugnance which all Belgians feel to the admission of Germany to the League, emphasizes the fact that, although Peru and Bolivia failed to secure from the League the consideration of their claims against Chile for the fulfillment of the Treaty of Ançon, they still remained loyal to that organization.

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LAND REFORM IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA

THE new land law enacted at Prague provides for the compulsory sale and subdivision of all estates in excess of one hundred and fifty hectares of cultivated land, or two hundred and fifty hectares including forest and waste land. Owners are compensated at what, in their opinion, is a very low price — the appraised valuation of the land before the war. No compensation is given to the former royal family. The great estate of the assassinated Archduke Ferdinand, where Kaiser Wilhelm visited, has been confiscated by the government. The purpose of the law is political as well as social. It is designed to destroy the influence of the conservative nobles. Only cottagers and other rural laborers are allowed to purchase the subdivided estates, and their allotments are limited to what one family can cultivate without hired help. Critics of the law assert that it will give a set-back to scientific farming, by breaking up many model estates and discouraging the use of steam ploughs, threshing machines, and other power machinery. Sugar-mills and distilleries for making potato alcohol are also likely to be affected. Consequently, the government is proceeding cautiously, and has so far alienated only three hundred thousand hectares, or about seven hundred and fifty thousand acres, of the large estates. A programme providing for the alienation of four hundred and ninety-two thousand hectares additional within the next three years has just been adopted.

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MINOR NOTES

ACCORDING to the London *Outlook* 'something of a struggle' is proceeding in Paris between the Morgan group and Kuhn, Loeb & Co., for the privilege of underwriting German indemnity bonds in New York. The Morgan firm has already suggested that half a billion dollars might be placed in the United States at 95, if bearing five or five and a half per cent interest and guaranteed by France as well as Germany.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Manchester *Guardian* has been investigating the old legend, that the great Japanese banks are forced to employ Chinese clerks in positions of trust because Japanese clerks are untrustworthy. His report covers the seventeen largest native banks of Japan, and shows that of the 9486 employees of these institutions, 9473 are Japanese, 12 are Korean, and one 'foreign.' These institutions do not have a single Chinese employee. Conditions are somewhat different in foreign banks having a branch in Japan. The two principal British banking corporations in the Orient — the Hongkong & Shanghai Bank and the Chartered Bank of Australia, India, and China — frequently transfer Chinese clerks from their older and larger China houses to their Japan branches. They have 467 employees in Japan, of whom 134 are Americans, British, or other Europeans, 118 Chinese, and 215 Japanese.

AMONG the other hardships afflicting German university students in the present meagre times is the general curtailment of retail credits, which falls heavier, perhaps, upon this class than any other. Before the war, students almost invariably ran up long-time bills against tailors and other purveyors to their most essential needs. So well recognized was this custom that in 1822, Leipzig University passed a statute prescribing the maximum debts which a student might incur. Some of these limits were: $12 for books, $1 for stationery, $30 to tailors, $12 to shoemakers, $1 for beer, $2 for wine, $1 for what we call soft drinks, $1 for billard-room and bowling-alley fees, and $4 for livery hire.

THE Manchester *Guardian*, in welcoming to that city the Second World's Cotton Conference, extends a special greeting to 'our American friends, who naturally form the larger number of the delegates.' In spite of the efforts of the Empire to extend its own cotton-growing areas, there is, in the opinion of this journal, 'grave danger that the world's need of cotton will before long seriously outstrip the supply.' It comments that Lancashire is as powerless as the American planters to increase prices arbitrarily to a point that will make cotton-growing remunerative in our Southern states. That will have to come as a result of a betterment in the cotton industry throughout the world.

A MOVEMENT has started in South America in favor of a tariff union between Argentina and Chile. In discussing this proposal, *La Prensa* argues that it is absurd for these two countries to spend vast sums building railways through the Andes, and then to erect a tariff barrier to prevent traffic over them. It appeals to the example of the United States, where more than 100,000,000 people enjoy free trade among themselves, as an argument in favor of a similar policy in South America.

VISCOUNT KATO, in a recent party address at Osaka, put himself and his party on record in favor of a reduction of naval armaments by international agreement.

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COMING EVENTS IN THE ORIENT

BY J. O. P. BLAND

From *The Observer, June* 19, 26
(Middle-Ground Liberal Sunday Paper)

Of all the questions which await the deliberations and decisions of the Peace Cabinet of the Empire, there is none more important and none more complex than that of the future of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. Broadly speaking, public opinion in the Dominions and in India appears to favor a renewal of the Alliance, upon terms, and a similar disposition has been clearly manifested in the press and in the utterances of public men in Japan. At the same time, it appears to be generally understood that the terms of the present treaty will require modification and closer definition under certain headings if the pact is to serve as a useful and permanent instrument, adaptable to the changed and changing conditions in the Far East. So many and so great, indeed, are the changes which have taken place on both sides of the Pacific since the treaty was renewed, for the second time, on July 13, 1911; so few remain of the causes which led to the signature of the original agreement in January, 1902, that at first sight the necessity, and even the utility, of a new Treaty of Alliance may not be apparent.

Some of those who question or oppose it have invoked the Covenant of the League of Nations as a fundamental change in world-politics, to which both Great Britain and Japan have subscribed, which should, as a matter of course, render all offensive and defensive alliances superfluous, not to say inexpedient. Others point to the fact that the danger of Russian aggression against India and Eastern Asia, the first cause of the Alliance, having ceased to exist, no good purpose, essential to the preservation of peace, will be served by its renewal. But the elimination of Russia's military activities in the Far East is only one of many dramatic changes which have taken place in that region during the past ten years. The passing of the German fleet; the rapid increase of Japan's wealth and commerce, resultant from the war in Europe; the definite adoption by the United States of a policy aiming at naval supremacy; the opening of the Panama Canal; the collapse of constituted authority in China; the movements toward independence of Mongolia and Tibet; these, and the increasing severity of economic pressure in all parts of the globe, have combined to transfer the centre of the world's immediate problems, political and economic, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

And it is because of this transference, and of the elements of strife latent in the new situation thus created, that it is to-day more than ever desirable that Great Britain and Japan should renew their Alliance, under conditions calculated to prevent the Far East from becoming once more the arena of conflicting interests; that, pending the general sanction of the League of Nations as an effective international authority, they should unite and agree in a common policy of good-will and reciprocity, based on a community of legitimate commercial interests.

In discussing the conditions under which the Alliance should be renewed,

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no good purpose will be served by shutting our eyes to accomplished facts, unpleasant though they may be. Let us not try to solve difficult questions with catchwords, or to dodge realities with formulæ. The fundamental realities which confront us to-day in the Far East, taken in the order of their importance, are: first, the military weakness, financial chaos, and political disorganization of China; second, the economic and political ascendancy of Japan in that country and her policy of 'peaceful penetration' in Manchuria and Mongolia; and third, the increasing recognition by the commercial powers, notably the United States, of the future importance of China as a market and a potential factor in world-economics.

The extent and results of the ascendancy which Japan has established in China in the course of the past ten years will be discussed in due course. For the present, I deal only with the actual situation in the eighteen provinces of China, desiring at the outset to emphasize the fact, which every impartial observer must admit, that the immediate future offers no hope of the establishment of a stable central government at Peking or of permanent financial equilibrium. And this being so, no renewal of the Alliance can serve to promote the cause of peace in the Far East, or to reconcile the respective interests of the commercial powers, unless it reasserts in all sincerity that article of the existing treaty which provides for 'the preservation of the common interests of all powers in China by insuring independence and integrity of the Chinese Empire and the principle of equal opportunities for the commerce and industry of all nations in China.'

Now, the history of what has happened in Korea and the failure of the Treaty of Portsmouth to protect China's sovereign rights in Manchuria since 1905, afford sufficient proof, if proof be needed, that Conventions of this kind can never be relied upon to serve their avowed, benevolent ends, unless inspired by permanent community of interest or by mutual recognition of restraining forces in the background. Therefore, if the renewal of the Alliance is to be of real benefit to China, and, through her, to the cause of peace and international commerce, those who negotiate it must begin by defining clearly the nature and scope of this community of interest, and thereafter proceed to reconcile it with the accomplished facts of the situation, on broad lines of policy, wherever this can be done without violation of fundamental principles of justice and right. A step toward full and frank discussion of the actual position of affairs in China has recently been taken in the negotiations of the Four-Powers Consortium, and in the conclusion of their international agreement to render financial assistance to China under conditions which, in the words of the American State Department, shall 'supplant the intense spirit of competition by a spirit of mutuality and coöperation.' But more remains to be done, and certain things to be undone, before the community of interest, or, in other words, the principle of equal opportunities, can be regarded as satisfactorily established and safeguarded for the future.

The salient and incontestable fact that emerges from the recent history of China is that the political factions that have misruled the country since the Revolution not only have proved themselves incapable of preserving its independence and integrity, but that many of their actions have tended directly to jeopardize that independence and to undermine that integrity. This aspect of the Chinese question must be faced. Public opinion in England and in America is vaguely conscious of the fact that the 'forward' policy adopted by Japan

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in China, while Europe was engaged in war, cannot be reconciled with either the spirit or the letter of the Treaty of Alliance, but it is not so generally understood that the advantageous position which Japan has secured for herself since, in May, 1915, she abandoned Group V of the 'Twenty-one Demands,' in deference to the representations of the Powers, could never have been attained but for the unpatriotic venality of the officials who constitute and exploit the government of China. The Chinese themselves are under no illusions concerning this lamentable state of affairs; but public opinion abroad has been misled, and the truth concealed, as the result of the propaganda conducted by the politicians and publicists who habitually appeal to the sympathies of the civilized world, in the name of Democracy, on behalf of young China and its Republic, nobly struggling to be free. It is to be observed that, since the Revolution, most of China's diplomatic representatives abroad have been drawn from the class of young 'western-learning' officials, highly intelligent and adaptable products of European education, and that their activities at Versailles, Geneva, and elsewhere have contributed largely to the creation of a very erroneous impression as to the position and prospects of affairs in China. Thus, at the present time, when the Chinese Government is completely demoralized and faced with inevitable bankruptcy, when throughout the country the defenseless people are being mercilessly harassed and plundered by lawless soldiery and brigands, we find in several directions their influence at work, enlisting sentiment and sympathy in support of the alleged progress of liberal ideas and democratic institutions in China.

Financiers point to the recent growth of her foreign trade as proof of increasing prosperity (one might as well say that a man who puts on weight must be healthy), while philanthropists and vocational idealists expatiate on the humanitarian and social reforms which the enlightened government of the Republic has so rapidly effected: for example, the abolition of torture in judicial proceedings, the freedom of the press, the advance of education, the emancipation of women, and the suppression of the opium traffic. The fact that these reforms have been accomplished only on paper, and that the unrelieved sufferings of the masses are greater today than they were under the Manchus, in no way detracts from the complacent satisfaction of China's diplomatic agents *in partibus;* nor does it give them pause in agitating for the abolition of extra-territorial rights and against the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance as derogatory to the dignity and distasteful to the sentiments of the Chinese people. Their attitude simply ignores all the realities of the situation.

They protest loudly, and with good cause, against the injustice done to China by Japan, and condoned by the Allies at Versailles, with regard to the Shantung question, but they say nothing of the lamentable fact that, before and after the Chinese Government's representatives at Versailles had declined to sign a treaty which recorded this violation of their country's sovereign rights, the Government itself was busily engaged in conceding to Japan, in return for subsidies and loans, many rights, privileges, and concessions calculated to prejudice their future independence. If Young China were sincere in seeking the true cause of the nation's political discontents and financial embarrassments, it would find it in the incorrigible money-lust of the mandarin class, which has always paved and still paves the way for alien policies of 'peaceful penetration.'

It is useless at this juncture to dis-

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guise the truth that China's weakness — more marked to-day than ever before — constitutes the pivotal fact of the Far Eastern problem. Moreover, because of the opportunities of aggression and exploitation which this weakness invites, it constitutes a constant source of dangerous rivalry. It is also evident that if this weakness is to be cured, the nation's independence preserved, and its resources developed to the general advantage of international trade, it will be necessary before long for the powers concerned to intervene, and to insist upon certain real reforms, namely, the disbandment of the Tuchuns' rabble armies, the reorganization of the administration, and the restoration of normal fiscal relations between Peking and the provinces. Great Britain and Japan, as the two countries possessing the largest vested interests and trade in China, are well within their rights in discussing these matters; to refrain from so doing for fear of hurting China's *amour propre*, would be a cruel kindness. The time has come for all concerned — America included — to face facts, to cease from proclaiming the magical virtue of political phrases, and by full and frank consultation to devise means for putting an end to a state of affairs which cannot possibly confer credit on China's rulers, and which inflicts infinite suffering on her people. If, as I hope and believe, the Japanese Government is ready to coöperate loyally to the end, the renewal of the Alliance will be an event of good augury, and welcome to every true friend of China.

There are, of course, other aspects of the Alliance besides those which arise out of the situation in China. But when all is said and done, it was China's weakness which led to the Russo-Japanese struggle for Korea, and China's weakness must inevitably precipitate new wars, unless Great Britain and Japan, with the United States approving, take such steps as may be necessary to encourage and maintain an effective Chinese Government at Peking.

Assuming the possibility of a renewal of the Alliance under such conditions as shall tend to preserve peace in the Orient, by means of a common policy of helpfulness and good-will toward China, the question naturally arises, what has Japan to offer, and what does she stand to gain, in making such an agreement? Also, wherein lies the community of interest, or the mutual recognition of restraining forces, whereby alone the Alliance can be made permanently beneficial? In suggesting answers to these questions, based on a recent study of present-day conditions and opinions in Japan, I would ask the reader to remember that international treaties are inspired not so much by sentiment as by economic necessity, and by the recognition of common dangers. The relations which are established from time to time between continents, races, and nations, their enmities and their friendships, are only changing phases in the world-wide struggle for survival, which, in this twentieth century, has become essentially a struggle for markets and for control of the supplies of raw materials required by our congested centres of industrialism. Even the dreams of a a race, such visions as 'Pan-Asia' or 'Pan-Islam,' have at their rainbows' ends some goodly place in the sun, where the hungry shall be filled with good things. Idealism in world-politics belongs generally to those nations which, by foresight or by favor of the gods, enjoy more than their fair share of this world's goods; you will not find it in the homes of the hungry.

Now not only is Japan, as a nation, afflicted with increasing hunger, but her people happen also to belong to what Mill calls the active, self-helping, as distinct from the passive, non-resisting

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races. In other words, they, like the Anglo-Saxon race, are of the type, which, when confronted by the pains and penalties produced by acute pressure of population upon the means of subsistence, instinctively seeks the remedy for its necessities in forceful expansion. In considering the several problems which have to be faced in connection with the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, it is essential to bear these things in mind, and to remember, moreover, that the Anglo-Saxon race, on the American Continent and in the British Dominions overseas, impelled by an imperative instinct of self-preservation, is firmly united in a determination to deny to the Asiatic races all rights of expansion into the American, Australian, and African continents. Now this determination is not — as some would have us believe — a matter of racial antagonism or moral prejudice. It is founded on sheer economic necessity, and its application is, and must always be, dependent in the last resort upon the law of the stronger; in other words, upon force. When, at the Versailles Peace Conference, Japan raised the question of racial equality, thereby, in effect, asserting her claim to equal opportunities of expansion overseas, even Mr. Wilson's lofty conception of the brotherhood of man could find no practical means to recognize that claim, so that eventually he was content to compromise with it, along the line of least resistance, at China's expense.

The victorious conclusion of the war by the Allies has left the Anglo-Saxon race in a position to defend its exclusion of Asiatic immigration, and the increasing economic pressure which afflicts civilization makes it certain that this exclusion policy will be maintained. The attitude of the Japanese Government toward this question, as manifested at and since the Versailles Conference, has been one of tacit and dignified acquiescence in measures recognized to be based upon imperative economic necessity, so long as these measures involve no arbitrary racial discrimination. At the same time, the terms of the Lansing–Ishii agreement, negotiated by Japan with the United States in November, 1917, and the recently concluded 'Consortium' negotiations concerning Japan's 'special interests' in Manchuria and Mongolia, have made it unmistakably clear that Japan is not prepared to acquiesce in any deliberate attempt to debar her from expansion into the Asiatic mainland, or from economic exploitation of China's loosely held, undeveloped, and thinly populated dependencies to the north of the Great Wall. If, in agreeing to join the Four-Powers financial Consortium, the Japanese Government waived its specific claims to the independent construction of certain railways in that region, and subscribed to the principle of coöperation, it did so upon the understanding, expressed and recorded in Lord Curzon's dispatches, that the governments behind the financiers would refuse to countenance any operations of the Consortium 'inimical to the security of the economic life and the national defense of Japan,' a reservation evidently capable of the widest application, and one which leaves the matter of Japan's 'special interests' in much the same position in which it was left by Mr. Secretary Lansing in 1917.

Here we touch a crucial point of the Far Eastern question. For it cannot be denied that, just as the 'security of the economic life' of California, Canada, or Australia, compels them to exclude the competition of Asiatic immigrants, even so the security of the economic life of Japan compels her, either to seek new outlets for her surplus population overseas, or to endeavor to secure such a position of economic advantage in com-

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paratively undeveloped regions of the Asiatic mainland, as shall enable her to maintain and increase her industries, and thereby feed her people, at home. Common sense and common justice compel us to recognize this fundamental fact of the situation. Moreover, *pace* the Treaty of Portsmouth, the Japanese people regard their privileged position (not to say paramount influence) in the regions of the mainland to the north and west of Korea, as a matter of indisputable right, a right which they have won by two victorious wars, at great expense of blood and treasure. They have not forgotten that the purpose of the first Treaty of Alliance was to enable Japan to eject Russia from Korea and Manchuria while England kept the ring, and they know that, if they had not won that war, all the dependencies and territories of China to the north of the Wall would long since have passed into Russian hands. Moreover, they remember that, before and during the European war, both America and Great Britain had seen fit to recognize the existence of the 'special interests' which Japan had acquired in those regions, partly by force of arms and partly by means of 'concessions' bought from China's complaisant rulers. The development of a position of economic advantage by Japan in Manchuria became, in fact, inevitable from the day when, by the terms of the Treaty of Portsmouth, Russia handed over to the conqueror the South Manchurian Railway, with all its privileges and concessions. To expect the Japanese to abandon the position thus created, with all that it means to the economic life of the nation, is to ignore the basic realities of the situation.

What now, it may be asked, does Japan expect to gain by the renewal of the Alliance? It is evident, I think, that what her rulers expect from it is the moral support of Great Britain in a reasonable recognition of the necessities and difficulties of Japan's insular position; the help of England, as a friend, in the councils of nations, in reconciling what they regard as their legitimate aspirations with the interests and opinions of other nations. Everything in the actions and utterances of the rulers of Japan to-day warrants the belief that, while maintaining their right to safeguard the economic life and defenses of the nation, they are sincerely anxious to avoid, not only war, but the risk of national isolation. They believe that by coming to a good understanding with Great Britain, and, through her, with the United States, it should be possible to arrive at a solution of the Far Eastern question. They have come to regard the Alliance as an effective instrument for preventing the Red ruin of Bolshevism from overflowing into Eastern Asia; they see in it also the best means of arriving at an international agreement for the limitation of naval and other armaments. The prosperity of Japan, like that of Great Britain, depends upon a peaceful and progressive development of trade and industry, and upon a reduction of the grievous burden of taxation which now cripples enterprise at its source. If compelled to defend things essential to their national security, the Japanese will undoubtedly fight, as they have done before; but public opinion, on the whole, is convinced that, economically speaking, Japan has everything to lose and nothing to gain by war.

Under these circumstances, it is reasonable to expect that a full and frank discussion of the renewal of the Alliance, starting with reciprocal recognition of accomplished facts, should lead to a clear definition of Japan's position in Manchuria and Mongolia and to the relinquishing of such of her claims to 'special interests,' in Shantung and elsewhere, as undeniably conflict with the

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maintenance of China's independent sovereignty. Discussing these matters with politicians and publicists in Japan last year, I found them generally disposed to admit that many things done, and others attempted, by the Japanese Government between 1915 and 1918 were incompatible with the terms of the treaty as renewed in 1911. Without crying over spilled milk, it is permissible to recall the fact that in 1916 and 1917, when there seemed but little prospect of a decisive victory for the Allies, the Japanese Government and its agents in China hastened to peg out a number of valuable claims, with the obvious intention of confronting the Peace Conference with accomplished facts. It was also manifestly clear, from the utterances of many Japanese statesmen, that if Germany had proved victorious, the Alliance would have come to an end with the British navy.

But Germany having been defeated, and the wisdom of the Alliance thus vindicated, a natural reaction has taken place, and most Japanese are now free to confess that during the war England received more than her fair share of kicks, and Japan most of the ha'pence. And this being so, a disposition toward graceful concessions in subsidiary matters may fairly be expected when the renewal of the Alliance comes to be discussed on broad principles of reasonable reciprocity. Among business men in Tokyo I found evidence of a general recognition of the expediency of more give and less take in the future working of the Alliance; of a more liberal spirit of reciprocity in such matters as the protection of trade-marks, coast shipping facilities, etc. The unprecedented foreign tour of the Crown Prince of Japan, and the notable break with tradition involved in his betrothal, are new portents which justify the belief that the influence of the military party at Tokyo is really waning, and that government by means of a responsible cabinet may before long replace the arbitrary authority of the clan system. Such a change would materially increase the power for good and promote the purposes of the Alliance, for there is no denying that the irresponsible activities of the Japanese military party in China, frequently in direct conflict with the published utterances of the Foreign Minister, must needs be checked, and their outposts withdrawn, if the Alliance is to preserve the unfettered independence of China and the open door.

Frank discussion of the existing situation should entail, *pari passu* with the reasonable recognition of Japan's position in Manchuria and Mongolia, the complete restoration of Shantung to China, and the abandonment by Japan of any claims to 'special interests' such as those created by the 'Twenty-one Demands' and by the secret military agreement of March, 1918, throughout the eighteen provinces. It should also result in a self-denying agreement by all concerned to abstain from all encroachments upon China's sovereignty and to coöperate loyally in the difficult task of restoring her stability of government. This may be regarded by many as a counsel of perfection; but the fact remains that Premier Hara, with the Seiyukai party behind him, has publicly declared that Japan would welcome an Anglo-American-Japanese understanding having as its avowed object a common reconstructive policy in China. The Japanese Prime Minister, it will be observed, recognizes the fact that such a policy will require the cooperation, or at least the good-will, of the United States. Mr. Hughes, the Australian Premier, has definitely expressed the same opinion; and it may safely be asserted that the Dominions generally would be opposed to the renewal of the Alliance under conditions calculated to antagonize America.

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ON THE EVE OF THE TRAGEDY. I

BY RAYMOND RECOULY

[The following is the first of a series of articles, written by the distinguished editor of this review, describing incidents attending the outbreak of the war. The present installment is substantially an interview with Jules Cambon, French Ambassador at Berlin in 1914. The next installment will contain the account by his brother, Paul Cambon, Ambassador at London at the same time, of events in Great Britain during those critical days.]

From *La Revue de France, June* 15
(PARIS INDEPENDENT CONSERVATIVE SEMI-MONTHLY)

THE Kaiser was at Kiel, on board his yacht, which was sailing in the annual regatta. As usual, he was exceedingly busy, hurrying about hither and thither, giving orders, and trying to manage the whole affair himself. Suddenly a little steam-launch was observed, hastening at full speed toward the yacht, as if to put someone aboard. The Kaiser made a peremptory sign that she was to sheer off. Instead of obeying, however, she continued to approach. When she was but a few yards from the royal yacht, Admiral Müller, who was standing near the steersman, signaled that he had an important message to deliver. He waved a paper, placed it in his cigarette-case, and running alongside the Kaiser's yacht, skillfully threw the case aboard.

A sailor picked it up and handed it to Wilhelm. The latter opened the cigarette-case and unfolded the telegram. Turning pale, he let the paper fall from his hand, ejaculating: 'We must begin all over.' At once he gave orders to turn his boat about and abandon the race.

What had happened at Konopicht when the Kaiser and Archduke Francis Ferdinand met there? No one knows exactly. Probably the Kaiser succeeded in converting the heir of Austria to his own policy and opinions. His influence over the Hapsburg Crown Prince was very strong, particularly through the latter's morganatic wife, whom the German court had flattered and favored from the first.

I spent the first few days of July in France, returning to Berlin shortly before the fourteenth. During the usual Embassy reception to the French colony on Bastille Day, I found sentiment somewhat agitated. A good deal of strong talk was being heard. However, big talkers are not always the best fighters. We knew absolutely nothing as to Austria's intentions, or the character of the note it was preparing to deliver to Serbia.

My colleagues, the English and the Russian ambassadors, were absent. We had not the slightest hint of the famous Council of War, supposed to have been held at Potsdam on July 5. You know that the Germans are past masters at guarding secrets. None the less, I was disturbed. I saw von Jagow, Secretary of State, almost daily; but I was unable to get an interview with the Chancellor, Bethmann-Hollweg, with whom I had been very intimate, and with whose family my wife and daughter were most friendly. Bethmann was an honest sort of man — he proved that the day he made that famous remark about 'a scrap of

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paper' — and possibly feared he might let something slip which would give me a clue to what was preparing.

However that may be, Austria's ultimatum to Serbia came like a thunderclap. My mind was made up the moment I read it. I was convinced that we could not avoid war, but that we must try to do so. We must make every effort to maintain peace. Since Germany was determined to attack us, we must prove to the world that she was solely responsible for the war. This was my animating motive during the days that followed. Above all, I wished to avoid repeating our unhappy blunder in 1870. It was necessary to leave Germany full initiative — to place the responsibility for hostilities solely upon her. We must let Germany attack us. Only thus were we assured of England's aid.

Three days after the ultimatum was delivered to Serbia, I had a long interview with von Jagow and said to him, as I was leaving, looking him straight in the eye: 'Will you let me speak to you as man to man?' He nodded assent. 'Well, then, let me tell you that what you are planning will prove a fearful blunder. You will gain nothing and you risk everything. France will defend herself infinitely better than you fancy. England, which made the fearful blunder of letting us be crushed in 1870, will not repeat it. Be sure of that. You may trust my word. I am not speaking lightly. Will you grant that I am one of the ten men in Europe who knows the international situation best? I declare to you that, for both material and moral reasons, England cannot keep out of a conflict. She will be forced to join us. Have you considered the formidable consequences of that? You will find yourself alone, pitted against all Europe, with your only ally a worm-eaten decadent empire.'

Von Jagow regarded me with a slightly ironical look: 'You have your reports. We have ours, which are just the opposite. We are certain that England will remain neutral.'

I left him in that way. Before returning home, I stopped as usual to see my English colleague, Sir Edward Goschen, with whom I had a complete understanding. We interchanged information, and by comparing our respective reports, managed to keep very correctly informed. I told him all that had occurred at my visit with von Jagow. I repeated to him word for word our concluding remarks. He said to me: 'So far as the attitude of my country is concerned, I agree with you absolutely. Unhappily I am not authorized to say it.'

That was the great misfortune, the great tragedy, of this fatal week. If Germany had known that she would have to fight England, I believe she would not have risked war. But she flattered herself with the hope that England would either keep out entirely or, if she fought, would not come in until France was crushed. However, we must recognize that England could hardly act otherwise than she did. It is easy for us now to forget the strength of the ties which at that time still united the two courts and the two nations. France had been England's enemy for centuries. Prussia was her historical ally. Religious sympathy reinforced old political traditions. We Frenchmen are habitually prone to undervalue the religious factor in international politics. It is very powerful. We are apt to think that others look at religious questions just as we do. That is not true. Can anyone deny, for instance, that religious sentiment has much to do with the hostility which a certain section of English opinion has very recently exhibited toward Poland?

All Nonconformist England, the backbone of the Liberal Party, was

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most reluctant to break with Germany. It was most fortunate for us that a Liberal Cabinet was in power. If the Liberals had been in opposition, they might have delayed British intervention. Happily they were responsible for the government. They were completely informed as to the facts. They had to make the decision. They knew from the beginning that their Conservative opponents would not object to an energetic policy, but would rather try to compel them to adopt one. So they acted promptly.

Let me relate, in this connection, a curious anecdote. It was just after the Agadir crisis. I went one day to visit Kiderlen-Waechter. He was a man who had his faults, but he possessed a frankness which at times verged on the brutal. Of all the Germans with whom I have dealt, he is the one with whom, upon the whole, I got along best. So I said to him bluntly: 'Why in the devil have you exploded this Agadir thing on us! What's your purpose? What good will it do? You've compromised the relations of our two countries, run the risk of starting a war, aroused Nationalist sentiment in France, awakened the distrust, and even the hostility, of England; and what do you get by it? Even in Germany, the public is furious with you. The people think they have been humiliated. They are convinced that their country has received a slap in the face. Why did you send that warship to Agadir?'

He pondered a moment and said: 'Good! Since you ask, I will answer honestly. Last spring, our Crown Prince went fox-hunting in England. You know the English, how courteously and cordially they treat their guests. He was shown great attention everywhere. Statesmen, cabinet ministers, men of the world, ladies of high rank, eagerly sought the honor of being introduced to him and of being invited to the receptions given to him. Everywhere he heard the most friendly and flattering sentiments expressed toward Germany. This hospitable welcome, prodigal kindness and courtesy, completely turned his head — which is n't very well balanced anyway. He took everything that was told him at its face-value. He came back convinced that he was the most popular prince in England, that all Englishmen are the devoted friends of Germany, and that consequently England would never, under any circumstances, side with France in a conflict with Germany. He repeated all this to the Kaiser, with exaggerations of his own, and there you've got the real cause of the Agadir affair.'

From the first moment the Belgian government, as you know, appreciated the exceptional gravity of the crisis. I was very intimate with its able representative at Berlin, my old friend Baron Beyens. We dealt with each other in absolute confidence. The previous autumn he had informed me, at the order of his sovereign, of a confidential interview between Wilhelm and the King of Belgium, in which the Kaiser said that war with France was inevitable. A few months later, I was able to return this favor. I had dined at the house of von Jagow, then Minister of Foreign Affairs. I recall in that connection that Countess X——, who later married a Pole, chanced to be seated at my side. She grasped my hand under the table and whispered in my ear: 'Are n't you soon going to rid Europe of these Prussian pigs?'

I took advantage of the opportunity to ask von Jagow just what certain overtures, which he had made shortly before to my embassy councilor regarding a railway agreement in Central Africa, amounted to. I was really in favor of such an agreement, which would promote the economic development of that region and possibly lead to the

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friendly coöperation of our two countries in other ways. Von Jagow replied that the project was being considered, and that England, Germany, and France would soon have the matter before them.

I said: 'In that case, it will be necessary to invite Belgium, which has an immense African empire, and might justly be offended if not invited to our conference.'

Von Jagow objected: 'I don't agree with you. If an arrangement is made as I hope, it will be at the expense of Belgium. King Leopold's unbounded ambition and avarice made him take on a job altogether too big for his country. Belgium is utterly unable to develop that great territory. It is too big a task for her strength and her resources. Some day she will have to give it up. Furthermore, the day of little governments in Europe is passed. With our growing economic interdependence and the improvement of communication, these petty states are bound to disappear, or at least to be drawn into the orbit of the great powers.'

I at once objected to von Jagow, that France would have nothing to do with such a policy as that. 'Our views are just the opposite. We are seeking to protect and strengthen the little states. That is not a mere caprice of the moment with us. France has been the champion of the small powers for centuries, ever since Henry IV. If you keep on that line, we shall not follow you. You can be certain that England will not follow you either.'

Von Jagow hastened to assure me that he expressed merely his personal views. However, I still attached great importance to his statement. I at once informed my Belgian colleague of his remarks, and he transmitted them to his government.

So Belgium was prepared. From the moment the new crisis arose, the authorities there felt that an attempt would be made to involve them. They were on the alert. The Cabinet at once delivered to Germany and France its famous demand that Belgium's neutrality should be guaranteed. France immediately assented, while Germany evaded a reply. If there was to be a war, everything depended on England's aid. Now Belgium was the tenderest point of all for the English.

From the very outset, our agents brought me from every hand reports of Germany's military preparations. They were being carried out on a grand scale, and, what was most disturbing, without much attempt at concealment. On July 26, the German fleet was ordered to leave Norway and return to Kiel. Preliminary arrangements for mobilization began at Thionville, in Baden. The first four classes received orders to be ready for any eventuality. On July 29, our Consul-General at Frankfurt reported to me that important troop-movements were under way. He observed the arrival of regiments in full field-equipment. Bridges and railways were guarded. The General Staff and the army were taking things in hand. It was on the evening of the twenty-ninth that the famous War Council was held at Potsdam, at which the Kaiser presided, and where the General Staff brought all its influence to bear to insist upon immediate mobilization. There the generals overrode the last hesitating resistance of the civilian officers of the government, and it was decided to call the troops to the colors the next day.

Immediately after this meeting, Bethmann-Hollweg hastened in the night to my English colleague. He disclosed to him, in a manner but slightly disguised, the imminence of the catastrophe. If Great Britain would remain neutral, he assured him, 'the imperial government is ready to give

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every guaranty that, in case of victory, it will not seek to enlarge its territories at the expense of continental France.' He refused to make a similar engagement regarding the French colonies. In respect to Belgium, Germany's operations would depend on the acts of France.

Mr. Goschen, the British Ambassador, at once informed me of this conversation. My apprehensions were much increased. The following day, July 30, at 12.30, a semi-official daily, the *Lokal Anzeiger*, published a special edition announcing the mobilization of the German army and navy. A horde of newsboys distributed this paper throughout the capital. The public fairly snatched copies from the venders' hands. An hour later, the edition was suppressed by order of the authorities. Von Jagow himself telephoned me that the report was false, and begged me to notify my government.

I had no faith in this denial. I was convinced that mobilization had been decided upon the night before, but that for certain reasons — the telegrams which had passed between the Kaiser and the Tsar, and more particularly England's reservation of complete liberty of action — the measure had been postponed.

At this critical moment, when the peace of the world might still have been preserved, the civil heads of the German government, realizing their frightful responsibility, hesitated for a single instant. They tried to rally and to stop the movement of the fearful machine which slowly was getting under way. But the militarists returned to the charge with more energy and determination than ever. They soon swept everything before them. It was just at this moment that one of my foreign colleagues saw Zimmermann, Under-Secretary of State. The latter said that the General Staff insisted on immediate mobilization, asserting that 'any delay would constitute a loss for Germany.' Toward the end of the day, von Jagow, whom I went to see, made the same remark to me. He, too, described the vigorous pressure being brought to bear by the army heads. At the conclusion of this interview, I wired Paris: 'My impression is that the chances of peace are less.'

After that I considered all hope lost. We felt as if we were being carried off our feet, picked up, and whirled through space by some dizzy cyclone, where events were hurtling irresistibly onward toward a single goal — war.

The next day, July 31, von Jagow summoned me. He said that, to his great regret, he was obliged to report that, in view of the general mobilization of the Russian army, Germany must put herself in a posture of defense. His government had decided to declare a 'state of danger of war' — *Kriegsgefahrzustand*. He at once demanded that Petrograd demobilize its forces on the Austrian as well as the German frontier, under threat of Germany's mobilization. He added that the German Ambassador at Paris had been directed to inform the French government of this decision, and to ask what attitude France would assume in case of a war between Russia and Germany.

From this moment, my situation became increasingly difficult. The German authorities suppressed telegrams directed to me, so that I was left practically without instructions. In order to impress the British government and to prove that the war was not due to us, I begged Paris not to order me to demand my passports. I said it was better to have the Germans show me the door. The telegram in which Viviani notified me, on August 3, that the German Ambassador had just delivered an official declaration of war and demanded his passports, and that

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I should demand mine, was intercepted by the imperial authorities. So I was without instructions. I waited for the German government itself to dismiss me.

On the morning of August 3, Secretary of State von Jagow called on me. He began by complaining of alleged hostile acts committed by French aviators at Coblenz and Nuremberg. This was the famous legend of the Nuremberg air-planes, which the Germans themselves now admit was false.

I said to von Jagow, 'I have not the slightest knowledge of these facts. They appear to me absolutely improbable. I know that my government has instructed its forces most strictly to refrain from any hostile act. It has pushed its scruples so far as to withdraw its troops ten kilometres from the frontier. How do you suppose, under such conditions, our aviators would drop bombs on Nuremberg, so far from the frontier of Germany?'

Von Jagow replied that the fact could not be questioned; that it had been duly verified by the authorities.

I replied: 'You surprise me greatly. However that may be, even if it were true, it is far less serious than the numerous acts of aggression already committed upon French territory by German troops, against which I have already formally protested. One of your cavalry patrols, commanded by an officer, has penetrated our territory as far as the village of Joncherey. The officer brained one of our soldiers.' After stigmatizing this act in appropriate terms, I continued: 'You will recognize that under no circumstances can this be compared with air-planes passing over foreign territory.'

Von Jagow replied that he had not yet had time to read the note I had handed him. Just then a great student demonstration began in Pariser Platz. Through the open windows of my office, which was on the ground floor, we could hear the mob singing *Die Wacht am Rhein* and clamoring against France. We both rose to watch the proceeding. 'I hope,' I said to von Jagow, 'that your cousin, the Prefect of Police, will take the measures necessary to maintain order and protect my embassy.'

Von Jagow replied that he would go at once and give proper instructions. He himself informed me that, since the German Ambassador had asked for his passports at Paris, I would immediately receive mine. I inquired regarding my departure. He assured me that I and my personnel would receive the usual courtesies. At the conclusion of the interview, which was to be our last, he added a few words of polite regret that our previous pleasant relations should terminate in this manner. I asked him if he thought I ought to make a farewell visit to the Chancellor. He advised urgently against it. Mr. Bethmann-Hollweg was in such a state of excitement, that an interview could not fail to be painful for us both.

About six P.M. Mr. von Langwerth brought me my passports. He announced that I could not pass through Holland as I desired, but that I should be provided with every facility to reach either Switzerland or Denmark. I decided in favor of Switzerland. Since I wished to have an interview with the Spanish Ambassador before departing, as the latter was to take care of French interests, it was arranged that I should leave Berlin the following evening. I also wanted time to burn my papers, so that nothing would be left in German hands. That occupied us all the evening and the following forenoon. About an hour later, Mr. von Lancken appeared. . . .

He came to ask me in behalf of his government to request my secretaries to cease dining at the Bristol restaurant, where they were likely to invite public insult.

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I asked with some heat: 'Where in the devil do you want them to eat? The patrons of the Bristol are, I suppose, people of good breeding, and surely such manifestations are less to be feared there than in some commoner sort of place.'

Since von Lancken insisted, however, I assured him that my people would no longer patronize the Bristol, and telephoned to a hotel to send meals over to the embassy for all my staff. The hotel refused to do this until authorized by the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

I went that evening to bid my Russian colleague good-bye on his departure. The railway station was heavily guarded, and the provisions for maintaining order were excellent. The Queen of Greece, the Kaiser's sister, was just then leaving. Apparently every proper arrangement had been made for my Russian colleague. A special train was at his disposal. I said to myself: 'It will probably be the same for me to-morrow.'

But one irritating incident followed another. Just as I was retiring that night, von Langwerth called for a second time. I was not to be allowed to go *via* Switzerland. If I wished, however, I might travel through Austria. I accepted this, subject to the formal promise that the Austrian government would give me immediate passage to Switzerland; and I put this in an official letter.

The next day, just as I was leaving, a new change. The final arrangement was for me to go through Denmark. You know the details of that journey, the constant vexations to which we were subjected. No ordinary comforts were provided. We did not even have food. Happily, my servants had been foresighted enough to bring a basket of luncheon for themselves, which had to serve for all of us during that interminable ride. I often recall an odd detail of our journey. One of the train men pretended to be an Alsatian, and kept constantly coming to us to deplore the war and to assure us of his pacifist sympathies. He even prepared our coffee. Such solicitude aroused my suspicion, and I had one of my secretaries warn him that, in his own interest, he should not talk with us so much. Probably he was a spy sent to worm secrets out of my staff. If so, it was a rather clumsy ruse.

THE KEY IN THE DOOR

BY SOPHUS MICHAELIS

[*Sophus Michaelis, President of the Authors' Society of Denmark, is one of the foremost writers of the short story in his country. Georg Brandes regards him as unequaled in his use of the Danish language, and as ranking high among the writers of fiction in Northern Europe. He was born at Odense, Denmark, in 1865.*]

Professor Peder Anker so disliked to observe his birthday each year that he almost wished to pass it by altogether. Disappointment was the secret reason for this feeling. He grieved because the day to which as a boy he used to look forward eagerly, no longer fulfilled expectations. A birthday nowadays only reminded him how few surprises life has in store, and how destitute of friends a man really is. The greetings he received merely irritated

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him because of their stereotyped sameness and total lack of feeling. His housekeeper, Mrs. Madsen, it is true, had decorated the dining-room and had served his favorite dishes at dinner, but that amounted to nothing. He drank a solitary, silent toast to himself and his dying year, and then went out to an open-air theatre to forget everything.

How harmonious and calm the evening was! Not a leaf stirred in the tree-tops. He chose a place high up on the green slope and looked down over the human swarm in this peaceful emerald bowl. Life and nature seemed melted into one, and he amused himself by dissolving this apparent harmony into a series of circles of living beings that really had nothing whatever to do with one another.

People, animals, plants — each individual lived in a world of its own. Down on the leaf-covered stage the actors strutted about in their varied costumes. They talked, they screamed, some even tried to sing. Behind a screen of foliage invisible musicians played.

From within the thick woods a thrush suddenly sent its trills heavenward, as if desiring a part in the entertainment. But to the feathered singer all this human theatre was invisible. Its singing was but the expression of a need that rules in the world of birds. The forest exists for no other purpose than to furnish a nest; the world is like a little warm, female bird, brooding over shining eggs. How splendid are the woods this evening! Of their own accord the gnats keep dancing right into the thrush's bill. The little stomach is full to overflowing. Here is peace and no danger. The woods should be only for hatching birds. Down there the big animals are making all kinds of noise and uproars. Let us send them a merry trill!

It begins to grow dark. A search-light high above sends down upon the scene its blinding rays over the heads of the spectators. A moth comes whirling through the broad beam of light, like thistle-down, or a winged somnambulist, impelled through the atmosphere toward its goal by an instinct that only a moth could comprehend. Thus life keeps whirling about in circles, worlds within worlds, every individual deep in his own mysterious doings.

Professor Peder Anker was a professor of biology. He understood how to listen to what nature has to say to her initiates. When he glanced toward the thicket close by, he knew at once what stirred within that gall on yonder oak-leaf. His ear caught the workings of the subterranean larva as it struggled toward the surface after lying a year and a day in the impenetrable darkness, conscious of the coming metamorphosis that would bring what it believed to be eternal life.

Circles! Circles! Life in its thousands of aspects. He saw it all as in a vision. Existence itself was but a series of unnumbered existences. We, the wisest of earth's creatures, comprehend only the least of these existences. We never give a thought to the life-waves that sweep the atmospheric regions. We hear the whisperings in the beeches, inhale the aroma emanating from the oak trees, and yet we do not realize what worlds exist beneath our feet or in the balmy air that touches our cheeks.

Professor Peder Anker let his biological fancies roam whither they would. In the pale twilight his eye caught a sudden glimpse of a profile with a dainty little nose of such individuality that he had never looked upon its owner without emotion. Valeria! Was it she? And to-day of all days! Yes, that hair, the color of champagne, was just like hers. His eyes never left her for an instant.

When the performance came to an end at last, he followed her. Even the

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short steps, with their quick free swing, were very like Valeria's. Valeria! The old wounds began to bleed again. Then he heard the woman's voice, — coarse and common, — surely, never Valeria's. But the memory of her kept tugging at his heart.

It was midnight when he returned to his home. The gate to the garden stood open. The rose-bushes leading to the entrance seemed taller than they used to be. The air was redolent with the scent of flowers. Gay moths swarmed about. Professor Anker seemed to be in a trance. Valeria! Always this name, dead to him, yet in his mind constantly alive. This home, built for a little tip-tilted nose and champagne-colored hair. A dream-nest that had become a grave with bitter memories. No, this house should be called *Vale* — good-bye, little Valeria.

The sight of an open window — a window that had never been open since little Puck slept within that room, woke him from his dreamy state. Who could have done this? He must have opened it himself. Curious that he should have forgotten.

He took out his key. Now, what was this? If he had not known better himself he would have said that he had taken a glass too many. There, before him, was a key in the door. That was a fact. The door was open to anyone who cared to enter. A whole regiment of thieves might have gone in that way.

But he knew that key well enough; it was genuine, not a burglar's implement. Was Madsen in her second childhood and forgetting things? The key he left where it was: it is never a good thing to disturb evidence. Quietly he entered, but he did not turn on the light. He was not afraid. It would be a shame to disturb the peace of the night. Life is so destitute of surprises that even a key in the door gave it flavor. He almost wished there were a burglar.

So as not to do violence to the mystery, he went into the dining-room and sat down. There was nothing out of the way. All was still; Madsen was asleep. He must ask her about that key, but very carefully, otherwise she might have a stroke through fright.

He pressed button number 2 and heard it ring, up near the top of the house. He rang several times. Madsen must sleep like a rock. Perhaps something had happened to her. He began himself to feel just a little nervous. Suppose someone was lying in wait for him? Cautiously he mounted the stairs, still in utter darkness, and then he heard something stirring in the housekeeper's room.

'Madsen, Madsen!' he whispered.

'Goodness gracious! Is that you, professor? I am coming. Has anything happened? Has the professor been taken ill?'

'Just be quiet, Madsen. Please see if you have your key.'

'My key? Which key? Heavens, how the professor makes me afraid. Is it my watch-key or the key to the pantry? It is in the door.'

'Never mind. Just let me know if you have your street key.'

'My street key? Why, who else would have it? The key is right there on the table next to my bed.'

Madsen opened the door just enough to stick the key through the crack. There was no mistaking; it was the right key.

'Sure enough. Excuse me, little Madsen. I am the one who made a mistake. When I got home I imagined that I had two keys to the street door.'

The professor descended the stairs while Madsen returned to her bed, disturbed by the thought that even so exemplary an individual as her master could come to the point where he saw double.

Was he dreaming?

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He went outside to take a look. Sure enough, there was the key in the door and his own key was in his pocket. Someone, then, must have gone through that door during the night. Ah, this was romance. Had little Puck come back? His heart beat so loud that he could hear it. It drove him almost mad every time he thought of the impish creature, once his joy and happiness, now his sorrow and disgrace.

Valeria! He tiptoed back to his chair in the dining-room. He feared to breathe! He was afraid to investigate further, to convince himself. He trembled for fear lest what he had not seen as yet should flee from him like a shadow, a dream — although a rather peculiar dream, for it had rummaged through his house.

In his honorable and otherwise well-ordered life her coming had been a bewitching intoxication. A wild, insane puff of adventure had blown down his house of cards. Fresh from one of his lectures, she had stormed his house, demanding private lessons in biology. She converted his laboratory into a play-room, spoiled his delicate instruments, cut herself on the glass slide of a microscope, and then put her finger into his mouth to stop the blood.

She was the seducer. Afterward she called him a thief and a destroyer of the marriage vow. For she was married and had insisted that he elope with her. They toured together abroad, and he managed to get her a divorce. When he brought her back home, he built a fine house for her and lived like a fool and her husband for a whole half-year.

Oh, yes, he had been married to Puck. And it was all his fault, of course. He had dishonored her, shamed her, brought her low. Their living-room became a hysterical chamber of torture; so that at last he left her to herself and retired to his study, barricaded behind locked doors. But that mattered little to her. For hours at a time she laid siege to the study, brought copper and tin ware from the kitchen, and made such an unearthly noise that he could no longer work and took flight through the window. It was an exit and an entrance that later he was sorry he ever taught her. And every time, when the quarrel blew over, Tannhäuser-like, he went straight back into the Venusberg.

One fine day she was gone. The window stood open. The bird had flown. On a little piece of paper she had written: 'Good-bye, little Peder. Wait till you see me again.'

Peder waited. He thought it just a whim. Her clothes, her jewels, everything was left behind.

All this was two years and two months since. She had disappeared and he had never heard from her. He might well believe that he had never been married. He had kept her room just as she left it. At times he imagined that ghosts were busy within, or rather he played the ghost with his fancies. Now the window stood open, and there was an old key in the street door, the door of the past. Well, did he want the past to return? Yes, yes, just move back again, you little devil!

She was there. She must be there! The key, the window! All of a sudden he got up rather foolishly, drawn by irresistible longing. Without hesitation he walked along the long corridor until he stood before the well-known door. He gave three low knocks. Open, sesame!

There was no answer, the door did not move on its hinges.

He knocked once more, took hold of the knob, and triumphantly discovered that there was a key in this door, too. His surmise was correct: she was there, she had come back. All the months that lay between were only an evil dream. That key could have been hers alone. He

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himself had always kept the door locked. Valeria was there. She had not locked the door behind her because she expected him. He almost believed she had never been away. He opened the door as if it were the entrance to paradise. Let what might, come afterward! He breathed into the darkness, 'Valeria, Valeria!'

No answer but a gust of wind from the open window. He thought he heard her breathing. There was a familiar perfume in the air. Was she hiding? He could not wait another minute. He turned on the light.

Valeria was not there.

All at once the real truth dawned on him. He stood in the empty tomb of his wedded life. The bed was the coffin. The covering was exactly as it had been left two years and two months ago. Beneath it, a dream of happiness was buried. Yet suddenly she seemed to have appeared to him. One glance told him that her busy hands had been through it all. The furniture came to life and whispered what it knew. The chiffonier stood with all its drawers half-open and empty, the door to the closet was wide open, everywhere it looked as if a cyclone had struck the place and swept it clean.

Of course she had been there. The little devil had been dancing a witch's dance among her old belongings, turning all the drawers topsy-turvy and emptying jewel-boxes. She had picked out a trunk, and then fled through the window, carrying off everything of value. She had even changed her clothes and washed with the fine soap that had been left on the stand ever since she had left. As a matter of fact, she had turned burglar where she no longer had any business.

In a white fury he clenched his fists. He could have screamed for anguish. He made faces at himself in the mirror. It was he whom she had robbed. It was he whom she had deceived and dishonored, whose memories she had soiled, and on whose house she had brought shame. He kicked aside the impudent little shoes. Never mind. To-morrow he would disinfect the house as if it were touched with the plague. He turned off the light and went out.

In the dining-room he cooled his revengeful mind with a couple glasses of old Madeira. When he had regained possession of himself, he walked down the long dark corridor to his study, seeking rest. Nothing would surprise him now. Of course there was a light burning in his study. Everything lit up. Why not? There was a smell of something burning, and yellow clouds of smoke circled around the chandelier.

On the lounge a strange man was stretched out comfortably, blowing tobacco smoke from his mouth in clouds. Why not? If His Majesty, King Satan himself, had advanced toward him, Peder would have taken it as a matter of course.

The visitor pulled his feet from the lounge, rose, and made a bow, while half an inch of ashes fell to the floor from his cigar. He was as bald as an egg, but with very heavy eyebrows. He hardly looked like a burglar.

'Don't mind me at all,' said Professor Peder Anker. 'Just keep your seat and act as if you were at home.'

'Many thanks, many thanks,' grinned the stranger, showing a row of fine teeth. 'This is rather a late hour for visiting; but since I have waited some three hours already, I thought I had better stay until you came in.'

'That is very kind of you,' answered the professor. 'May I inquire who has asked you to wait?'

'Your wife, professor.'

'Yes? Well I am not so sure that I am married.'

'No? At least she appeared entirely at home.'

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'You know her?'

'Oh, just so-so. Perhaps a little bit. I met her outside. She asked me to assist her. I got a motor-car and took a couple of trunks out to her. She told me that she had to take the midnight express.'

'So, so! Perhaps you will be good enough to inform me to what I am indebted for your rather late visit?'

'Quite right, quite right! But late is better than never — is n't that so?'

He laughed once more and pulled out a big silver cigar-case, threw away the stump, and asked, 'Do you smoke?'

'No, thank you.' The professor began to be impatient.

'Perhaps not at this late hour?'

'I never smoke.'

'That's too bad. Tobacco has a soothing effect. Try it.'

Calmly he pulled out a long, black cigar, cut off the end, and lighted it, after which he sat down on the lounge once more and continued: —

'You see, professor, I should n't like you to misunderstand me. I should much rather wash my hands of it all.'

'Oh, maybe you would like to use my washstand?'

'Ha, ha! you are a regular joker, professor.'

'If you please, I am not joking at all. Be so kind as to laugh less frequently.'

'Now, to be serious, you must not think that it is I who have made all this mess here.'

'You forget that, up to the present moment, I have not the least idea who or what you are.'

'I am an insurance agent, professor.'

'Insurance agent! Good Heavens!'

'Why, that is nothing to be disturbed over,' said the stranger very composedly. 'It is a very useful vocation. My particular branch is both good and new.'

'I don't want any insurance. I have all the insurance I need.'

'You only imagine that, professor. Yes, against fire, burglary, accident, sickness. But you forget the most important of all.'

'And that is?'

'To insure against those losses that affect us most seriously.'

'And what kind of losses are they?'

'Your hand on your heart, professor. The loss of those we love the most.'

This time it was the professor who had to laugh, although with some difficulty. But the visitor remained in dead earnest.

'The greatest loss one can sustain is to lose the woman one has loved most of all in this world. A loved one, not to say a wife.'

'Once more I shall ask you to be good enough not to speak of — of — my wife,' said the professor, angrily.

'That is so; you are not married.'

'Married or not, if ever I have been married it must have been with a devil. Yes, I was married just six months. In that time I succeeded in making a devil of her, or, maybe, she of me. I got so far with making her unhappy that early and late she charged me with wishing her dead, so that I might keep her skull before me on my writing-table.'

'A very interesting sight that would have been; she with all that gold in her mouth.'

'Yes, I am inclined to think she is right. Once insanely in love with a woman, a man never gets rid of the subject until he can put up her skeleton in his study, in a pose like the Venus de Medici — something I once saw in a museum of anatomy.'

'Very pretty, very pretty, but the best remedy is to insure in time.'

'So, there you are again with your insurance nonsense.'

'No nonsense whatever. Is it not an admirable idea that we poor human beings can insure against those most intimate disasters of all — love's in-

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exorable changes, which threaten every one of us? Who would not pay a high premium against such a loss?'

'All right, Mr. Insurance Agent. You come here again the next time I fall in love or get married. I'll give you a chance to write a big policy then!'

The professor turned around in his chair toward his writing-table. He noticed for the first time that the drawers were open and all the picture-frames were empty.

'Who did this?' he cried, indignantly.

'That, too, is your wife's work.'

'Did she break open my writing-desk while you looked on?'

'Oh, no, she had a key to everything. She wanted what was hers, she said.'

'Hers?'

'Yes, all the letters she had written. She said they remained her property.'

'Then she ought to have given back what was mine.'

'She could n't do that.'

'Why not?'

'Because she never keeps even the most tender letter.'

'Is that so? You seem to know her quite well.'

'Just a little, as I have said. You see, when once she has read a love-letter, she has no further use for it. She tears it into bits and throws the pieces to the wind, like so many butterflies.'

'But what does she want with her own stuff?'

'She made a nice little fire of it before she left.'

The professor looked angrily toward the open fireplace. It cut him to the quick. Those foolish little letters had been more precious to him than all his scientific manuscripts. Those pictures, with the sweet little assurances of eternal love, all burned to a crisp in his own fireplace!

The stranger rose, prepared to leave.

'So I can't write you out a nice little policy this time? When may I call again?'

'You need n't give yourself any further trouble,' answered the professor coldly.

The stranger bowed, picked up his hat, hung his cane over his arm, and lighted a fresh cigar.

Against his will the professor followed him to the garden gate. It was beginning to get light and the birds were chirping in the tree-tops. The stranger pointed toward the gable of the house and quoted: —

'"When you have only left a picture and a name." The name you have still,' he added.

'But not so much as a picture,' broke from the professor.

'Why, that is too bad,' said the stranger as he took out his pocketbook. 'Here. Take this. I can spare it.'

The professor stared at the picture as if in a trance.

'But that is my own!' he exclaimed. 'It was you who took my picture.'

'No, professor, you are mistaken. The picture belongs to yours truly. It is merely a matter of sweet generality that it is signed, "Your own Valeria."'

'Did you — did you — receive this picture — to-night?' stammered the professor, bewildered.

'Oh, no, my dear sir. I received this just two years and three months ago. Good-night.'

The professor was on the point of running after him. He called out, —

'Why did n't you go with her on the night express?'

'Because she was going with another man.'

The professor turned around and entered his rifled domicile. The key was still in the door.

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NORDAU'S 'SPANISH IMPRESSIONS'

BY IGNACIO BAUER

[Max Nordau, who has made his home in Paris for many years, found it convenient to reside in Spain during the war. The book here reviewed is in part the fruit of that experience.]

From *La Epoca, May* 16
(MADRID CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

WHO is not familiar with the genius of this gifted Israelite, whose fame has encircled the globe? However, few indeed are the Spaniards who know that Max Nordau can trace his ancestry to their own country, and that he prides himself decidedly upon his Segovian lineage. He says in his present book:—

'My forefathers lived in Spain for full seven centuries; and though they left that beautiful country four hundred and twenty-two years ago, their descendants have never forgotten their Spanish inheritance. So I may consider myself at least a distant relative.'

It will delight any Spaniard to read these 'Impressions' wherein a great master traces a picture of our country that is full of life and light, of sun and color, and vibrates with the soul of our race. It is drawn by a man who is himself an ancient Spaniard, though he has absorbed the culture of other climes and other heavens; by a Spaniard who feels still stirring in the depths of his soul ancestral love and sympathy for the glorious land of his forbears, the *Sefarditas* — the Spanish Jews, driven into exile in the days of Ferdinand and Isabella, from Seville, Cordova, Grenada, and Madrid.

With what delight he describes the songs of Andalusia:—

A peculiar and strangely foreign melody follows the prelude of the guitar. Andalusian songs are directly descended from the Moorish music born in the great deserts of Africa and the mountainous solitudes of Morocco. I fancy that an educated ear and a cultivated musical taste will find Andalusian music at first more original than beautiful; but as we become accustomed to it, it discloses its profound beauty and exercises an irresistible charm. These are not true songs, but rather recitals, or passionate, dreamy chants, in which the words themselves continue to play the major part and music merely serves to shade their meaning.

The melody consists of an endless series of tremolos, rising to a high falsetto and then descending to the deepest gutturals. It produces the effect of a continuous decoration. The song itself is a highly figurative recitative, but so perfectly executed, so self-consistent, and so expressive, that many of our greatest vocal critics assign it no low rank among our musical forms. The guitar constantly carries the melody — a melody ever simple and beautiful and of unvarying purity, without a single variant or inharmonious chord. None the less, it has a strange power to move the heart of the hearer.

Farther on, he discusses the Spanish workingman, the proletarian of Madrid:—

I have witnessed the following scene, not once, but a dozen times, and in case of at least six couples, both young and old. To be sure, I did so unobserved; but if the persons concerned had noticed that I was watching them, they would certainly have invited me to share their hospitality; and this I could not refuse without offending them, or accept without putting myself in a false position. The men were clothed in

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their soiled workers' clothes; their faces were those of common laborers, toil-worn and coarse. In any other country they would have gone to a restaurant at noonday to dine alone, while their wives would have eaten something at home. But here the laborer dines with his family, although he may have to do so in the public streets. He has all the manner of a master in his own house, with his wife by his side. Each shows the other the courtesies of good society. When the wife arrives and when she departs, they invariably exchange some little formula of politeness; and there is an innate courtesy in their intercourse, a certain dignity and mutual respect, that cannot fail to impress the stranger who observes them. These simple workingmen seem gentlemen in disguise. Give them wealth and education, and they will be no different from the best blood of the land. They have the same refinement of sentiment and instinct. These laborers, dining at midday with their wives on the asphalt pavement on San Ricardo Street, are living examples of Spanish courtesy.

Nordau gives us a vivid description of a bull-fight, in which he again shows his sympathetic appreciation for the Spanish point of view.

The spectators wear short jackets, and hats with a flat narrow brim, or what they call *cordobes*, shaped like low truncated cones; and they carry canes with curved handles, which make them appear like *toreros* in everyday garb. The general effect is pleasing. It is a costume which combines style with equality, and disguises differences of class. In such garb a great Spanish nobleman is scarcely to be distinguished from a wharfman working along the Guadalquivir, except that the cut and quality of his costume may be better. However, this democratic similarity of costume does not make the aristocrat look like a man of the people; but it makes the man of the people, in this country of universal good taste and universal dignity and polish, seem a gentleman.

Nordau discusses the psychology of the Spanish nation; and this man, who knows that his Hebrew ancestors were driven out of what had been their fatherland for centuries, for the sole fault of worshiping God in a different manner from their neighbors, writes: —

Spain is, for those who judge its history by Torquemada, and its literature by Don Quixote and Don Juan Tenorio, the land of bloody fanaticism, and of violent and unscrupulous gallantry. Nevertheless, bear this well in mind: the Spaniard is the most tolerant man in the world, without the slightest natural impulse to torture or to burn. He overflows with kindness. He does not seek glory in single combat with windmills; and though he is naturally sentimental and tender, he does not pass his life registering his *mil y tres amadas*, or accompany his serenades with stiletto thrusts.

Seldom has the soul of our Spanish race been depicted with greater sincerity than in these admirable lines: —

After the reconquest of the country from the Moors, the glorious qualities of the Spanish soul, its perseverance, vigor, sobriety, discipline, valor, and idealism, might have found their happiest employment in furthering the political, scientific, economic, and social progress of the country. But the tragic command of history bade them serve other ends. The House of Austria seized the throne that the Catholic kings had erected on the ruins of the Arab domination, and inaugurated a Golden Age. Its dawn coincided with the discovery of America and the extension of Spanish sway over the New World. Spain's vigorous spirit of local independence broke forth in the revolt of the *Comuneros* — or free municipal burgesses — so cruelly crushed by the powerful hand of Charles V. The noble spirits which might eventually have won this fight for liberty found boundless employment beyond the seas. He who would have adventure found it there to his heart's desire. He need only become a *conquistador*, or attach himself to the fortunes of any bold leader. Every vigorous and daring soul could drink to its full of the wine of life in the virgin lands of America. There lay glory, wealth and pleasure. There beckoned the joy of combat, victory, and unbridled liberty. There he who would might be king. He

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might become a demigod. He might rule as a divinity over prostrate multitudes.

But if a man preferred to stay in Europe, all he needed was a trusty Toledo blade to carve out a noble destiny. His kings, Charles V and Philip II, always needed good soldiers. He might fight in Germany, in Italy, in Flanders. He might triumph in Pavia. He might storm Rome or Antwerp. He might cover himself with laurels at San Quentin. But, alas, in this gala day of adventure and victory the Spaniard lost his gift for methodical plodding and useful toil. The dream of every Spaniard of sound body and mind, with a brave heart and a strong arm, was to seek distant climes, to spend a few years or months of wild adventure, to intoxicate himself in the dangers of new and unknown experiences, to amass a rapid fortune, to raise himself to almost royal dignity beyond the seas; or else to return to Spain, which he had left poor and unknown, changed by a miracle from a modest Perico de los Palotes into a rich and famous Don Pedro de los Pinares.

It is with good reason that the sixteenth century in Spain is called the Age of Gold. Well indeed did it merit that title. The mines of Mexico and Peru flooded the Peninsula with their treasures. But it was not a flood that fertilized the soil of Spain; rather did it strip that soil of its fertility, and leave it sterile and barren.

Spain's people swam in a flood of gold and silver. But the golden harvest that yellowed its broad plains dwindled and vanished. Men thought they were becoming rich when they were becoming poor. Ill indeed was the bargain Spain made with America. America sent Spain her gold, but Spain gave America the best blood of her sons, the most valiant and enterprising of her children. As time went by, the Spaniards in America converted the new continent into a brave, independent, and prosperous empire; but the mother-land languished and decayed. America's gold impoverished Spain, and Spain's blood enriched America.

Max Nordau does not rest content with studying Spain's past. His judicial mind analyzes the present, and points the way to the future; to a future where the perseverance and industry of the Spaniard shall come into its own. His pen would disperse the fog of pessimism which now unnerves us:—

I observe in the Spanish people evidences of discouragement. They are plunged into an abyss of gloom. They doubt their own ability and their future. But they are wrong. Believe me, you will be hereafter the great nation you always have been; energetic to the verge of violence, brave to the boundary of rashness, quick of intellect, just, frank, keen as those Toledo blades which once were the glory of your artisans, knightly as your ancient paladins. Only one thing you lack, the most important of all. You lack an ideal.

A great nation cannot exist without an ideal worthy of itself. For eight centuries you were intent upon recovering your own country. For two centuries thereafter you sought universal dominion. Now your eyes scan anxiously and vaguely the whole horizon, seeking some new star to guide your future course. Waiting for that you retire into an individualism which cannot satisfy your ambitions. Some make money, others devote themselves to politics, and still others to useless irony. Men of genius limit themselves to a specialty, in which they may win world-wide fame, but cannot change the intellectual physiognomy of the nation. Already you contemplate a programme of more or less urgent internal improvements. Diffuse education among your people with open hand; repeople your mountains, irrigate your plains, cover your land with a network of highways, railways, and canals. Take into your own hands the exploitation of your mineral wealth, which you now leave to foreigners.

Continue your labor of civilization in Morocco. Treat that country as it treated you — not like an overseas colony, but like a prolongation of your national domain, like a continuation of Spain itself; across the narrow intervening arm of water, an integral part of the mother-land, a new Spanish province. Though you may go there first as soldiers with cannon, see that the plough, the miner's pick, the engineer's level, and the schoolbook follow close behind.

For you are what you always have been, and your country still has its historic mis-

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sion. Spain has been an outpost of Europe through all history. It faces on one side the Mediterranean, the cradle of the world's civilization, and on the other the Atlantic, where the great nations of the world have worked out their economic and political destiny. Within a century, if the nation concentrates upon its national task, and consciously exerts itself for a definite object, another Golden Age will dawn for you.

CONTROL OF THE LIFE-CYCLE. I

BY JULIAN HUXLEY

[*Mr. Huxley is a grandson of Professor Thomas H. Huxley, the famous champion of Darwin in the early days of Natural Selection. He was formerly Professor of Biology in the Rice Institute at Houston, Texas, but is now of New College, Oxford. He is in charge of the investigation of the breeding habits of birds and the problem of reversed sexual selection in certain wading birds (Phalaropes), one of the numerous studies at present being carried on by the Oxford University Expedition to Spitzbergen.*]

From *The English Review, March–June*
(INDEPENDENT LIBERAL MONTHLY)

THE control of the cycle of life in organisms is a problem of the most intricate nature, which touches not only upon the fundamentals of biology, but upon very many questions of the intensest concern to the human race. It is not in our power to give a connected account of the control of growth, for we do not yet know enough to be able to give any such account. All that can be done is to present some of the isolated views which we have been able to obtain, through the loopholes made by scientific research, of these hidden places of Nature, and to show what hopes this knowledge raises, but also what great need remains for organized and sustained research.

The concept of the life-cycle in higher animals involves at least six important biological processes. There is the origin of the individual's first rudiments; then growth or increase in mass; then differentiation or increase in complexity; then the maintenance of a state of balance, the condition of maturity; then, senility; and, lastly, death.

The individual creature, among every group of the higher animals, starts an independent life at fertilization, which is simply the fusion of two cells detached from particular tissues of two other animals, male and female. It begins life, not, as was supposed some century and a half ago, as an immensely reduced replica of its adult state, but as a germ, the fertilized ovum, which bears no resemblance to the adult, and is incomparably simpler in structure. Development consists partly in an increase of size, but even more essentially in an increase of complexity.

At the outset, the human individual consists only of a simple unit of living substance, or cell, a tiny round mass of protoplasm containing a nucleus and some yolk-grains, and measuring, in the human being, but .008 of an inch in diameter. When we set about making a machine, we draw out a plan, then con-

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struct the parts separately, and finally fit them together. The living machine that we call the body, however, is built in quite a different way; for it constructs its own plan as it goes along.

For instance, the first step in human development is the division of the germ into a great number of cells. In the next stage these cells become arranged in three layers, an outer, an inner, and a middle. This is the rough ground-plan, and is common to all animals above the level of jelly-fish, sponges, and sea-anemones. The next step forward is the formation from these layers of a much more detailed and definite ground-plan; the systems of organs are laid down. The first rudiments of the brain and nervous system, of the digestive organs, of the blood-system, the kidneys, the muscles, the skin, the skeleton, and the reproductive organs appear. They are only blocked out, but they arise in a definite arrangement, and this arrangement is similar in all vertebrated animals.

These systems then elaborate each its own plan; the different parts of each system becoming visible; and finally these parts, or organs, become transformed, by the differentiation of their unit-cells, from mere blocks of tissue situated in their proper places in the plan into actual working mechanisms, which from now on play each its particular *rôle* in the upkeep and working of the animal as a whole.

To take but one example: the whole of the brain, spinal cord, and nerves, constitutes a single organ-system. In the very early embryo it consists simply of a hollow tube, running along the back, slightly swollen in the head, and without traces of nerve-fibres or nerve-cells. Later, the brain and its parts appear in plan, and the walls of the tube become enormously thickened, both in the brain, and in the rest of the tube, which we can now call the spinal cord. Finally, the nerves grow out from the brain and spinal cord, and enter into communication with every part of the body, forming a go-between system, allowing impressions from the outer world to be met by appropriate motions; and meanwhile the cells constituting the cord and brain become themselves totally transformed, producing a number of branching and interlacing twigs, by means of which communication within the nervous system is made possible, and so, finally, association of ideas, memory, and reason.

The differentiation of the separate cells in the tissues occurs in every organ, in every tissue. In early stages the various cells are all much alike; in later stages each is characteristic. In the embryo all cells are roughly spherical or cubical, without noticeable structure. In the adult, however, we have the branched nerve-cell, the long, striated, contractile (or muscle) cell, the gland-cell containing chemical products, the bone-cell which lays down layers of hard substance round itself, the red blood-cells, — mere discs to carry oxygen, — and many other distinct and differentiated types. By this time the baby will be ready to be born. During the whole of its ante-natal period, we thus see that there has not only been an enormous increase in bulk, but also an increase in visible complexity, both in the origin of a great many different parts arranged according to a definite plan, and also in the form and arrangement of the cells which make up these parts. In other words, there has been an increase in organization; and this increase in organization we call differentiation.

Once arrived at this differentiated state, the new-born baby has a long period of growth still before it, but with very little further differentiation. It is important to notice that the power of growth is progressively lost. If we

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measure growth, not by total bulk, but by the percentage of the previous total added in a given time, we see that the growth of a child shows a continuous falling-off. Minot has estimated that under two per cent of the potentiality of growth resident in the human ovum is still present at birth; if anything, his estimate seems to be above the mark.

At length, however, he or she reaches full size, and then follows the period when neither growth nor differentiation is occurring — the adult period, or period of maturity. This lasts a number of years, — many more, indeed, than those needed to attain full size, — but finally (if the man has not died from disease or accident) there follows the period of old age, accompanied by loss of weight, loss of activity, loss of faculties, and this downward path eventually leads inevitably to death — to natural, as opposed to accidental, death. In man and all the higher animals we have this cycle of existence, always proceeding in the same way: growth intertwined with differentiation at first, then growth with little or no differentiation, then maturity, — a stable period without either growth or differentiation, — and finally senility leading on to death.

We know that different animals have different values for these various periods. A rat, for instance, completes the whole cycle in two and a half to three years, a mouse in about two, a common white butterfly in a year, a parrot in a hundred years. Even in one species, such as man, there are considerable variations in the rate of growth, amount of growth, and length of life; but each animal has limits set to this variation, and we are given no clue by ordinary experiences as to whether this type of life-cycle is fixed and unalterable for all living things, or whether there is any prospect of our being able to alter it, either by changing the rate or the length of growth, or by extending the span of life.

To these questions there are two ways of getting an answer: first, by observation — by comparison of the life-cycles of all available forms of life; and, secondly, by experiment — by trying directly whether the life-cycle can be altered 'according to plan.'

Three introductory examples will, I hope, make those who are not familiar with comparative biology realize that many of the so-called 'common-sense' views generally held about growth and age are held simply because they embody familiar facts, and are just as false as other ideas once held to be equally dictated by common sense, such as the geocentric universe, or the flat earth.

The first concerns death. Weismann, the great German zoölogist, toward the end of last century enunciated his doctrine of the Immortality of the Protozoa. This, for all its theological flavor, in reality embodies a simple and verifiable fact. The protozoa are animals whose body consists of but a single cell, not of thousands or millions, like those of higher animals; they are thus all small, and some approach the original type of animal life. *Paramecium* is one that is often used for experiment, because of its comparatively large size (it is just visible to the naked eye), its abundance, and the ease with which it can be kept in infusions of hay. It is an elongated creature, covered with movable bristles by which it swims, and provided with a mouth and gullet through which it engulfs its bacterial food.

In the course of a few hours it will grow to its full size. A constriction then appears and deepens across its centre, some of the internal organs divide, a new mouth is formed in one half, and in an hour or so separation of the halves takes place, and two paramecia are

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swimming about where but one was before. This is clearly a form of reproduction; and it is by such reproduction that almost all protozoa multiply.

It is obvious that nothing has been lost in the process: there is no corpse, no new-born infant — the one old individual has simply become two new individuals. There is evidence that this process can be repeated indefinitely. If so, it is further obvious that natural death has no chance to step in — meaning by natural death a death resulting from ageing, from inner causes, not mere accidental death through causes external to the animal. In ourselves, and all higher creatures, the growth of the body eventually must bring death; in the protozoa it never need. That is one of the penalties we have paid for our complexity. We see also that in paramecium there is very little differentiation. In an hour or so, the dividing cell produces the parts needed; but there is never a time when we can say that paramecium is undifferentiated, in a condition like our own earliest stages.

The next example I shall give still further upsets our ideas of differentiation; for it shows that differentiation need not always proceed in the same direction, but that animals may sometimes live backward, if I may use the phrase, as well as forward. *Clavellina* is a creature over an inch long, belonging to the group of Ascidians, and so infinitely more complex than any protozoön. It lives in the sea, attached to rocks and piles, continuously producing a current to sweep its food into its pharynx, which is nothing but a great strainer, like the whalebone of a whale, to strain the solid particles from the water.

When this creature is kept in unfavorable conditions, as, for instance, in a small volume of water which is not renewed, a change comes over it. It shuts the orifices of its current; it shrinks in size; it loses its beautiful transparency. Finally, instead of the complex and active creature, there remains only a little opaque white ball, the bulk of which is perhaps one tenth that of the original animal. In its interior the organs are reduced to mere bags, and the constituent cells have become of the simple type seen in a young growing animal. Individual organs and cells alike have actually gone backward in differentiation, or, as we say, they have *dedifferentiated*. But if now we take this white ball, which is almost as unlike an adult clavellina as a human ovum is to a man, and replace it in clean water, it will gradually unfold again, and in a few days a new healthy individual will appear. In the fewest possible words, differentiation need not always go in one direction only; it may be reversible.

Our third anti-common-sense example is one with which all are perfectly acquainted: I mean the life-cycle of a butterfly — from an egg to a caterpillar, from a caterpillar to a chrysalis, and from a chrysalis to the winged, perfect insect. That transformation has been made the subject of many sermons on the topic of the life to come; but its real application is rather to this present life on earth. Familiar as is this metamorphosis, most are aware only of its external aspects; but it is the inner happenings that are really more remarkable. Within the chrysalis shell, the active organs of the caterpillar break down into a mere pulpy mass, good only as a source of nutriment, no longer capable of living or working for themselves. The only living portions left are small scattered blocks of cells, the so-called imaginal discs, which have remained rudimentary and functionless throughout the caterpillar stage. These now absorb food from the broken-down mass of caterpillar-tissue, and eventually grow into the organs of the butterfly.

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This shows us that within a single cycle of life differentiation may take place in two entirely different directions. The same original egg turns first into the worm-like, leaf-eating feeding-machine which we call a caterpillar, and later into a beautiful winged creature, honey-eating, active, concerned chiefly with reproduction. But the one form cannot turn *directly* into the other. The old must be broken down, and the new built from the foundations up. What is true of bodily differentiation here is true of mental differentiation in ourselves. It often happens that a man's mind is differentiated very highly in one direction early in life; and that, later in life, the same man will have acquired a quite different type of mind; but in the intervening period there will have been, almost without exception, a difficult time of transition, in which the old system was being broken down, the new built up. But that is a digression.

Let us hope that by now the reader's general ideas on growth, differentiation, and death will have been thoroughly upset! If so, we can proceed to discuss the control of growth more systematically.

In a simple but classical experiment of Hertwig's, a batch of frogs' eggs was divided into four portions. One was kept at 11.5 degrees Centigrade, one at 15 degrees, one at 20 degrees, and the fourth at 24 degrees. After three days, the first had not completed their primary ground-plan, and were still simple spheres; the last were ready to hatch; and the other two were intermediate. It is obvious that higher temperature goes hand in hand with quicker development. That is a practical, tangible fact. But it raises at once a philosophical problem of the most searching kind. It raises the problem, which in another form has been propounded by Professor Bergson, of the relation of time to true being.

What is the true age of these four batches of embryos? They have all been alive the same length of days, hours, and minutes. But each has accomplished a different portion of its essential cycle of being, each has penetrated a different distance along the road which leads to old age and death. Judged by outer standards, they are of the same age; judged by standards relative only to themselves, they are all of different ages. This, you will see, is the same distinction on the physiological plane that Bergson has found it necessary to carry out on the psychological plane. To point the moral, we will take a further example, and this time one involving the end of life instead of the beginning.

As is well known, many insects live but a short time — some of them only a few weeks, or even a few days. Now this span of life, too, is a function, in the mathematical sense, of temperature. At a high temperature it is shortened; at a low temperature, lengthened. For instance, Professor Loeb has investigated the duration of life of a little fruit-fly, Drosophila by name. At 30 degrees Centigrade the length of life, from hatching to dying, was 21 days; at 20 degrees it was 54 days, and at 10 degrees 177 days, or nearly six months. Thus the processes which lead up to and involve death are accelerated by heat. What is more, they are accelerated in a regular manner, and in essentially the same way and degree as are all ordinary chemical reactions. The rate of most chemical reactions is roughly doubled or trebled for each increase of 10 degrees Centigrade within the range of temperature within which life is possible; and so are the processes of life. The fly lives more intensely at the higher temperature; but it draws proportionately nearer to its death — a situation not unlike that in Balzac's *Peau de Chagrin*.

Once more the question is raised

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whether age should be reckoned from the outside or from the inside. We shall have to return to that question later, and, I hope, settle it. Here we must go back to the more specific point, the action of different temperatures.

This extraordinary diversity in rate of growth or rate of ageing with different temperature, which we find in frog and fly, and indeed in all the lower animals, does not exist for man or mammal or bird. Why not? For the reason that, as regards temperature, we and these other creatures are self-regulating. We are what is popularly called warm-blooded; which really means not warm-blooded at all, but constant-temperature-blooded. Warm-blooded animals have contrived an internal temperature environment for themselves, which is, within very wide limits, independent of the temperature changes taking place in the world outside. The development of such self-regulating mechanisms, indeed, some regulating temperature, some the chemical composition of the blood, some operating psychologically, has been one of the great achievements of evolution, and the relative independence accruing to their possessors is one of the hall-marks of a higher type.

It is thus obvious that we shall not be able to alter the rate of growth in man by altering the temperature, for the simple reason that we cannot alter the temperature.

Such failures pursue us throughout our investigation; again and again we find that in some lower animal growth or length of life can be controlled, only to discover, when we seek to apply our knowledge to man, that there stands in the way either his very complexity or the exquisiteness of his self-adjusting machinery, which resists the efforts made to tamper with it.

In the higher animals, the regulation of growth is largely carried out by the organs known as the ductless glands, of which the best known are the thyroid and adrenals. The origin of our knowledge of the normal, as so often, came from a study of the abnormal; and it was through an investigation of the diseased state known as cretinism that we gained the first inkling of the functions of the thyroid.

Cretins are stunted in a particular way, both in body and mind. Their condition was found to be associated with a diseased and insufficient thyroid gland. Finally, treatment with preparations of thyroid led, in most cases, to the transformation to a healthy, normal individual.

Many of the processes of life in cretins appear to be slowed down. This is seen, too, in the disease known as myxœdema, where the thyroid becomes diseased during maturity. In patients suffering from this, the skin becomes thick and whitish, the features heavy, and, most marked symptom of all, the mind grows distressingly slow. Here again simple restoration of the proper thyroid balance usually leads to recovered health.

Acromegaly is another curious disease. In sufferers from this, there is a progressive increase in the bony structures of face and extremities, patients having to discard their old gloves and shoes, and take to larger and larger sizes. Worst of all, the features get heavy and coarse, and the most attractive men and women are transformed into hateful caricatures of their original selves. Autopsies show that this disease is associated with a diseased and overgrown condition of the pituitary body, another ductless gland attached to the base of the brain. The very tall men, the giants of fairs and circuses, in whom the whole body shoots up abnormally in height, seem to be produced by a similar state of the pituitary, but operating earlier in life, while the bones are still growing.

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By these observations it became clear that both thyroid and pituitary were in some way connected with growth. Experiment has extended our knowledge. We have already spoken of the protozoa in general and paramecium in particular. Paramecium, when thyroid powder is added to its diet, reacts by an increased division-rate. As we have seen, it reproduces by simple division into two, each of which then grows up to its parent's size and repeats the process. If we average out the number of times this occurs per day, we have a measure of the reproductive capacity of the strain. Now, the division-rate of thyroid-fed paramecium was 60 per cent above that of the normals. In other words, where the normal had divided five times, to produce 32 offspring, the thyroid-treated cell had divided eight times, to produce 256 offspring; where the one had accomplished ten divisions, the other had accomplished sixteen, and the offspring, if all had survived, would have been in the ratio of 1,024 to over 65,000. But all the time the appearance of the paramecia was very like that seen when they are starved; and this is corroborated by the fact that excess of thyroid administration in man leads always to increased appetite and decreased weight. Apparently the effect of thyroid is to liberate the stored energy of living protoplasm, to cause some of the breaking-down or katabolic processes of life to go on at a higher rate. In paramecium this can be just compensated for. A thyroid-fed strain of paramecium is like a man living comfortably, with a good income, but always with a slight debit balance at the bank. In man, however, it would appear that long-continued administration of thyroid in any quantity progressively overdraws the balance, and is not compatible with health. Paramecia fed with pituitary, on the other hand, also divide more rapidly, but do not show any untoward symptoms. The converse experiment is to subtract pituitary from the organism. Young dogs from which some of the pituitary has been removed grow extremely slowly, become excessively fat, and in many ways remain in an infantile stage.

Professor Arthur Keith has recently made the interesting suggestion that the difference in racial type, as seen for instance between the white, the yellow, and the black races, is due to alterations in the balance of the various glands of internal secretion. By this means, too, he seeks to explain the occasional appearance in white races of individuals of a Mongolian cast of face, where no admixture of Mongolian blood exists.

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LETTER TO 'NORODNOYE TSCHENYE'

BY TARAS SCHEVTSCHENKO

[The following letter by the greatest of the Ukrainian poets of liberty was written in 1860. It contains a short sketch of his life up to 1844, which he later used in a biographical romance. In 1845 he returned to Ukraine, where he was arrested and banished to Siberia on account of his revolutionary poems. There he was forced to serve as a common soldier and forbidden either to paint or to write. He was pardoned in 1857 at the intercession of Count Tolstoy; but his health was broken, and he died at Petrograd less than four years later.]

From *Die Rote Fahne, April* 26, 27
Berlin Official Communist Daily

I am happy to assist you in your wish to give your readers some biographical information regarding the men who have succeeded in struggling out of the ignorance to which the mass of our countrymen are doomed. Narratives of this kind may, it seems to me, help to awaken in our people a sense of human dignity, without which their progress will remain impossible. My own life story, truly told, may suggest helpful thoughts not only to the common man, but also to the man of higher social rank. It is for this reason that I am willing to bare to your readers the sad incidents of my own history. I would have preferred to do this at some length, if at all, especially since the history of my life has become a little fragment of the history of my homeland. But I now lack the strength and spirit to attempt this. For that task a man should be blessed with mental repose and feel more or less in harmony with the men and things about him. All I can do to comply with your wish is to give a brief sketch of my life-experience. When you have read the following lines, I hope you will comprehend the load that lies upon my heart and crushes it.

I am the son of the peasant serf, Gregory Schevtschenko, and was born on March 9, 1814, in the village Kirilovka, in the district of Svenigoroder, in the government of Kieff, upon my lord's estate. When I was eight years old, I lost both my father and my mother and was received into the family of the parish clerk as a student servant.

Such students are treated by the parish clerks like children whom their parents or the local authorities have apprenticed to tradesmen. Their master has unlimited authority over them. They are his slaves. They must perform every kind of menial household duty and do the bidding not only of the master himself but also of his servants as well. I leave it to your imagination to picture all the things my parish clerk found for me to do. He was a brutal drunkard. I was in a state of servitude, without having a single person in the world who cared for me or took the slightest interest in me. In spite of that, however, I managed to pick up in the course of a couple of years some knowledge of the violin, of arithmetic, and the Psalter. When I had made this much progress, the clerk proposed that I should read the Psalter in his place at peasant funerals; and was so gracious as to let me keep the ten kopecks usually paid for that service. This help left my morose master more leisure for carousing with his bosom friend, Jonas Limer. When I got back from my burial services, I

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usually found these precious companions dead to the world with drink.

My parish clerk was as brutal to his other pupils as he was to me, and we all hated him beyond measure. His capriciousness and cruelty taught us to deceive him, and to do him injury whenever possible. We played all sorts of scurvy tricks on him.

This was the first despot whom I learned to know. He taught me the inextinguishable hatred I have ever since felt for the tyranny and domination of one man over another. My child's heart was wounded and shocked at every turn by this despotic schooling and hardened itself against the world, the way the hearts of helpless men always harden themselves until, at length, patience ends and vengeance and flight ensue. One day when I found him lying in a drunken sleep, I seized his own rod and applied it on him with all my childish strength in repayment for his cruelty to me.

In my eyes, the most precious thing among the scanty effects of this drunken clerk was a little book illustrated with crude engravings. I either thought it no crime, or could not resist the temptation to steal this treasure; and I fled with it to the little town of Lesjanka.

At that place I found a new teacher in the person of an artist and deacon who, as I soon discovered, was as like my previous master in morals and general conduct as if they were two peas. For three days I patiently toiled, carrying pails of water up the steep hill from the Tikatsch river and grinding colors on an iron plate. On the fourth day, I had enough of it and fled to the village Tarasovka, to a painter clerk who had acquired some reputation in the neighborhood by his pictures of the martyr Nikita and of Ivan Vohin, the warrior. I appealed to this Apelles with a firm resolve to endure all the burdens of fate which seemed to me at that time inseparably connected with the pursuit of learning. But alas! The Apelles observed my left hand carefully, and bluntly rejected my appeal. He informed me, to my indignation, that I was not qualified for any occupation, not even that of a cobbler or a cooper.

So I gave up all hope of learning painting, even its most mediocre branches, and returned with a heavy heart to my native village. I had conceived visions of a more modest career, which charmed me on account of its very simplicity. I longed, as Homer says, to 'shepherd the innocent flocks,' fancying that while thus engaged, I would have an opportunity to read undisturbed my treasured, stolen picture book. But I met another disappointment here. I chanced to catch the fancy of my young manor lord, who had just taken possession of his ancestral estate, and so the ragged student tramp was given a decent suit of clothes and a job as valet.

We owe the discovery of this refining occupation in the Ukraine to those civilizers from beyond the Dnieper, the Poles. Our native landowners have gradually adopted this valet institution from that source. But training the natives of this old Cossack region as lackeys is about as easy as it would be to tame Lapland reindeer as parlor pets. The landlords of the older generation had attendants — the so-called *Kosatchki* — who performed the duty of body servants, indeed, but also were musicians and fancy dancers. These Cossack liegemen played and sang merry songs of dubious import for the delectation of their lords, and dropped on their knees at a motion from his hand in the formal courtesy which preceded the swift dance step. My new master was, by descent, a Russianized German. He viewed my duties from a cold-blooded, practical point of view, and posted me in the corner of his ante-

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chamber, where I was ordered to stand motionless and silent, ready to bring his pipe or to pour a glass of water at his bidding. Being naturally of an untamable disposition, I speedily broke the rules by humming old Hajdamak airs, or secretly copying the paintings of the old Russian school with which my master's apartments were adorned. I did my drawing with a pencil which, let me frankly confess, I stole from the office. My master was an active man, always journeying off to Kieff, Vilna, or St. Petersburg. He invariably took me with him on these excursions so that a boy might always be at his door to bring his pipe and that sort of thing.

I cannot say that I disliked my new occupation. It is only when I recall it now that it gives me a kind of shock, like a wild, disconnected dream. Many Russians of low birth will eventually come to look upon my past as I now look upon it. While I was chasing about from one inn to another, with my master, I improved every favorable opportunity to steal a wood carving, and in this way gradually made a valuable collection. My favorites were the heroes of history: Ssolovej, Rasbojnik, Kulneff, Kutusoff, Platoff the Cossack, and many others. However, I was not induced to purloin these objects by a mere collector's passion. What I sought was a chance to make as perfect copies of them as possible.

Once when we were stopping in Vilna on December 6, 1829, my master and his wife attended a ball at what was called the *Ressource*. All the estate owners of the neighborhood had gathered together to observe the name day of Tsar Nicholas I. The house was absolutely silent. I lighted a solitary candle in my room, spread out my stolen treasures, selected the Cossack Platoff, and began carefully to copy him. Time passed without my observing it. I was already busy with the Cossack children who were tumbling around the hoofs of his horse, when the door suddenly opened behind me, and my master entered, back from the ball. Beside himself with anger, he grasped me and boxed my ears — not on account of my artistic efforts, which he did not stop to look at, but because I might have set fire to the house and the whole town. The next day, he ordered the coachman to flog me, a task that gentleman performed with all due zeal.

In the spring of 1832, I was eighteen years old. As I had not proved as good a lackey as he hoped, my master yielded to my incessant pleadings and apprenticed me for four years to a master painter, a certain Schirjajeff in St. Petersburg. This man combined the functions of a church reader and a deacon with decorative painting and the painting of saints. Not being much impressed by this trinity of genius, I hurried out bright spring mornings to the St. Petersburg Summer Garden, to sketch the statues with which Peter the Great had adorned this rectilinear landscape creation. On one of these occasions, I became acquainted with the artist Ivan Maksimotitsch Ssoschenkoff, whose friendship I cherish even to-day. On his advice, I tried painting from nature in water colors. Another fellow countryman and friend, Ivan Netschyporenko, of old Cossack lineage, who was likewise in the service of my manor lord, served me as a model during my discouraging early efforts. One day, my manor lord noticed a sketch of mine in Netschyporenko's possession. This pleased him so much that he had me paint portraits of several of his lady friends, for which he would pay me at times as much as a silver ruble. In 1834, Ssoschenkoff introduced me to the secretary of the Art Academy, asking him to rescue me from my unhappy situation. This gentleman took up the matter with Zukoviskii, the bal-

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lad poet, who made the preliminary arrangements with my manor lord, and begged Brüloff to paint a portrait of himself which he could raffle in a lottery. The great painter at once assented, and the portrait was soon ready. These gentlemen and the Countess Welchorski then took the matter in hand. The lottery produced 2500 rubles, and for this price my freedom was bought on April 22, 1838.

At once I became a regular student at the Art Academy, and soon was one of the favorite scholars and companions of Brüloff himself. In 1834, I was made a 'free artist.'

I will say of my early literary ventures, merely that they started one bright starry night in the summer garden I have already mentioned. The rustic Ukrainian muse resisted for a long time my crude vocabulary and imagery, acquired in a village school, in the antechamber of my manor lord, and in city lodging-houses. When, however, the fragrance of freedom, the early memories of my innocent youth, which at one time had almost left me, came back, they seemed to embrace me in my exile as with the arms of a long-lost friend. The only one of my early poetic efforts — those dating from the St. Petersburg Summer Garden time — which has been printed is a little ballad, 'The Crazy Woman.' I dislike even to-day to refer to the circumstances under which the verses of those times were written.

This bare outline of my life, as I have recounted it, plainly and without adornment, has been harder to write than I anticipated. What a black colonnade of lost years! What have I been able to wrest from fate with all my striving and struggling? I have merely kept alive. All I have got out of life is the frightful vision of my own past. It is the more horrible to me because my own brothers and sisters, whom I have not had the heart to mention in my story, remain up to this day serfs. Yes, my readers, serfs up to this day. . . .

THE ORIGIN OF GOLF

BY W. HERBERT FOWLER

[*Mr. Fowler is a player of international reputation, and has designed some of the most famous golf-courses in Great Britain. He is at present designing courses in California.*]

From *The Review of Reviews, June–July*
(English Radical-Liberal Bi-Monthly)

Several games have made great progress in the past fifty years — notably lawn tennis, golf, and Association football. Of these games lawn tennis and Association football were born within the above period, and golf is one of the most ancient of games, if not the oldest of all. Lawn tennis is probably more played to-day all over the world than any other game, and next to it, undoubtedly, golf is the most popular.

The history of golf goes back so far that no one can to-day say whence it originated. The Romans had a rustic pastime called 'Paganica,' played with a crooked stick and a leather ball stuf-

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fed with feathers. In the time of James II of Scotland, an act of Parliament mentions the game of 'golf,' and describes it as being an unprofitable sport for the common good of the realm and the defense thereof. The date of this act was 1457, and it is fair to infer that the game was not a new one at that time, or it would hardly have been necessary to pass an act to prevent its being played.

Quite a number of Dutch pictures of very old date show people playing a game similar to golf, which they called 'Kolf,' which is Dutch for a club. It is true that most of these pictures depict the game as being played on the ice; but it is easy to imagine the transition to a close down turf; and as Scotland and Holland were in those early days closely allied, it is a fair inference to draw in favor of this wonderful game that it had its birthplace in Holland, or at any rate that it first came to Scotland from that country.

The earliest club to be formed was, curiously enough, The Royal Blackheath, the members being Scots resident in London. The oldest club in Scotland was the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers; the date of its formation is unknown, but from 1744 a regular series of minutes has been kept. The Royal and Ancient Club of St. Andrews came ten years later, followed by Brunksfield Links Club, Crail, and others.

Up to the year 1860, or thereabouts, the game of golf was played with various wooden and iron clubs and a leather ball stuffed tight with boiled feathers. On the discovery of gutta-percha the first great change in the game took place, and from that time until 1902 the 'gutta' ball was supreme.

The inventive genius of Mr. Haskell, however, caused a change which had greater effects on the game than was the case when the feather ball was superseded by the gutta. He produced a ball with a centre composed of rubber, wound under mechanical pressure into a ball and afterwards covered with a thin layer of gutta-percha. The result was to produce a ball which flew farther, especially when iron clubs were used, which kept its shape far longer, and which made the game far easier and less athletic. Into the pros and cons of the 'gutta' versus the 'rubber' ball it would be impossible here to enter, but the greatest enemy of the modern ball will never deny that it has made the game more generally popular, and has enabled thousands of weaker players to enjoy golf who would not have done so with the 'gutta.'

Up to the early eighties golf made small progress; but after 1885 the game began to take more hold on England; and after 1888, courses and players increased by leaps and bounds. If one man did more to popularize the game in England than another, Arthur Balfour was undoubtedly that man. How many courses he opened in the nineties and early nineteen-hundreds is probably known only to himself, and it must be doubtful if even he could give a correct list.

The first new course to create interest was Sandwich, which was opened about 1886; Deal, Rye, Littlestone and other seaside courses followed rapidly, and then began the wonderful series of inland greens, headed probably by Princes Mitcham. Later on, at the end of the nineteenth century, began the construction of courses on land on which there was no grass, and this was undoubtedly the biggest advance that golf has made. By degrees, first heather lands, then commons, and later agricultural land and even woods were cleared, steam-ploughed, and sown with fine grass seeds. The results were wonderful, and many of these courses, like Walton Heath, Sunningdale, and Wo-

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king, became at once serious competitors of the seaside variety. In many cases the turf and putting greens can compare favorably with all but the half-dozen best seaside courses. As a test of golf, for the very best players, Walton Heath and one or two others demand a higher standard of play than do those by the sea.

The designing of courses has also made vast strides, and whereas in early days it was a haphazard performance, in which suitable positions for greens were the main factors, to-day the whole ground is carefully studied and the club-house is situated to suit the course and not placed in the nearest convenient spot to the highway, regardless of how that situation might injure the layout.

Great progress has also been made in the preparation of plans for greens and hazards; scale models have also been used, and these, if followed carefully by the contractor, are quite fool-proof, and some really wonderful results have been produced by this method.

Under this system even a flat piece of ground can be made to represent a seaside course. It is merely a question of how much money is expended. A further, and really a very important, effect of this method of course-designing has been to eliminate the hideous old steeplechase jumps, which for so long held the field as the only form of hazard construction. To-day these are being rapidly eliminated from old courses, and all new ones have their hazards so constructed that they cease to be an eye-sore on the links; and further than that, they are so scientifically made that they form a much more serious obstruction to the weak shots and command a very much larger area of hazard, with very much less of that priceless commodity, sand.

England's entrance into the world of golf has had very far-reaching effects. Up to the end of the eighteen-seventies, the game was practically a Scottish one and was played by a limited number of Scottish gentlemen belonging to the older Scottish Clubs, and a vast number of artisan players who resided in the neighborhood of the larger towns. Once the game began to take hold in England, however, the exact converse was the case.

Owing principally to the difficulty of acquiring sufficient ground for a golf course at a reasonable figure, golf has hitherto chiefly been in England a game confined to the richer section of the community. With the exception of Westward Ho! Hoylake, Walton Heath, Ashdown Forest, and a few other courses, artisan golfers have had no opportunity of learning the game in England. The effect on the game has been that the English golfer, who was largely recruited from the ranks of cricket, immediately began to clamor for frequent competitions; and the multiplicity of monthly medals, the advent of Colonel Bogie and of 'Par' must be traced entirely to English influence.

The principal event that evolved from this influence is the Amateur Championship, which was started by the Hoylake Club in the year 1887, and was won for the first and second years after its inception by an English golfer, Horace G. Hutchinson, my oldest golfing friend, who has done so much for the game, not only as an example of a splendid player and sportsman, but also by his most charming writing on this most wonderful game. In the early days of English golf he and John Ball, Jr., bore the brunt of the battle among English golfers in the various championships; and it is, of course, history that John Ball has won the Amateur Championship no fewer than seven times.

Before this event was started the blue ribbon of the amateur world of golf

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NEW GERMANY

BY HENRI DE MAN

[We have previously published articles by Mr. de Man, whose perfect command of French, German, and English, and extended residence in Germany and the United States as well as his native country, qualify him to write from a cosmopolitan standpoint. He was an editorial writer on a German newspaper before the war; he fought the Germans as a Belgian officer; and he served on an important Belgian commission in this country during the last stages of that conflict.]

From *Le Peuple, June* 11, 13, 14, 15
(BELGIAN OFFICIAL SOCIALIST DAILY)

I HAVE just spent eight days in Germany, in connection with a lecture which I delivered in Berlin. It was the first time I had been in that country since June, 1914.

Before visiting Berlin and the Ruhr, where I had appointments with labor leaders, I spent three days *incognito*, talking with what the English call the man-on-the-street, conversing with chance acquaintances in the country, in the city, on the railways, in restaurants, and in shops. I was careful not to reveal my nationality. I bring away a general impression of the German mentality to-day based quite as much on these chance meetings as on the formal declarations of the responsible statesmen and labor leaders whom I saw afterward.

The impression that Germany makes upon an observer like myself, who knew it intimately and loved many of its traits and qualities before the war, is somewhat depressing. A man who visits the country as a conqueror, who rejoices to see his adversary impoverished, demoralized, and humiliated, would perhaps receive more pleasure than I did from such a visit. That was not the spirit in which I went to Germany, much reason as I had to be gratified over the crushing of German militarism. That is something I have always fought and abhorred; but I have never been embittered against the rank and file of the German nation. I preserved many old friendships with individuals in that country throughout the terrible test of the war. I owe that nation much that is best in my own intellectual training. In a word, I still profess myself a citizen of the world, of a world larger than any narrow fatherland. But even if this were not so, I cannot conceive how Europe can continue to exist with one of its great nations crushed, hopeless, and exposed to universal contempt and hatred.

What impressed me in Germany was the universal evidence of great suffering, great weariness, and great despair. What is worst of all, those suffer most who merit it least. The upper classes, which have known little real privation, preserve their pre-war mentality practically intact. They seem to have learned nothing and to have forgotten nothing. But the common people, especially wage-earners, have had to bear all the terrible consequences of defeat and blockade, of social disorganization, and of the demoralization inseparable from such conditions. The vast social machine, perhaps the most perfectly organized in the world before the war, still runs haltingly; but it seems ready to succumb at the slightest shock. One is surprised that it still goes at all. The wealthy, the profiteers, *la jeunesse dorée*, are steeped in dissipation. But the great majority, those who earn

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their bread by the sweat of their brow, seem callous with the stupor of despair.

Nothing betrays this better than the vogue of pessimistic literature. One of the most widely circulated works is Spengler's *The Decline and Fall of Western Civilization.* This erudite tome of six hundred pages, costing sixty marks, has already passed through twenty-two editions! Book-dealers with whom I conversed told me that a volume needed only to bear a title suggesting decadence, pessimism, or final catastrophe, to find an unlimited market. In a little railway bookstall I counted the titles displayed. There was not a single book about the war. Twenty per cent were classics, forty-five per cent modern novels, and thirty-five per cent sensational popular volumes bearing such titles as *The End of the World, The Twilight of Europe, The Destruction* — all indicating the morbid taste of a nation seeking to feed its despair.

The very aspect of the crowds betrays the weariness which follows an excessive nervous effort too long sustained. People walk and move about as if they did so merely as a matter of habit; as if they were carrying a burden. Their gestures are automatic. Another sign of fatigue is the universal irritability, the disposition to quarrel — much more observable than in Belgium.

In many respects the Berlin of to-day reminds me of Petrograd as I saw it just after the March Revolution of 1917; only there is much less intensity in Germany. One observes in the latter country a certain sobriety and discipline which Russia never possessed.

During my four days' travel from the frontier to Berlin, I saw but a single military uniform. However, the uniforms of the Security Police are visible everywhere. These have replaced the local police since the revolution. They are so numerous in the workingmen's quarters of Berlin, that you have almost the impression of being under a state of siege. One evening I counted two policemen for every block. They seem to be necessary on account of the general insecurity and increase of crime. In some parts of Berlin daylight robberies and assaults in the open street are not uncommon. For this reason policemen almost invariably go about in couples, and well armed. Most of them are veterans and a majority wear the Iron Cross.

I noticed more Reichswehr soldiers in Berlin than in the western part of the country. However, I understand that most of its hundred thousand men are garrisoned in the eastern provinces. In spite of that, you do not see one military uniform in Berlin where you saw twenty before the war.

Naturally, I did not include former army uniforms, which are still being worn by a great number of men who have been demobilized for more than two years. I should say that one third of the male laborers in Germany still wear old uniforms, which is obviously no indication of prosperity. One finds the most bizarre combinations — men clothed half in military and half in civilian garb: for instance, corduroy trousers, with khaki tunic and a jockey-cap. During my eight days I must have seen at least three hundred men who had no shirts. Some of them wore cravats around their bare throats. Curiously enough, I noticed many people in Berlin wearing parts of British uniforms, doubtless procured from old prison camps. At least three fourths of the children in the workingmen's quarters of Berlin have no shoes and stockings.

More of the men who were entirely clothed in uniform were beggars than were soldiers. The first three men in field-gray whom I met in Berlin were crippled veterans asking alms. Certainly this is not a spectacle calculated to promote militarism among the masses.

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The common people, particularly the working-classes, exhibit a profound lassitude and a disgust with anything that recalls the old military régime. No special consideration is shown for war-cripples, in spite of the exhortations of the press. People exhibit a repugnance at the sight of these unfortunates, who recall so vividly the horrors of the war. Another symptom of sentiment. Although Iron Crosses were distributed as liberally in Germany as similar decorations in France or Belgium, I could count on my fingers the civilians whom I saw wearing them. The few who did so were middle-class gentlemen, apparently former officers. Working-people seemed to consider it bad form to display them.

Traveling first- and second-class on the railway, I fell in with people of upper rank. In the third-and fourth-class I met workingmen and peasants. The situation in Upper Silesia became acute while I was on my trip. Everyone was talking about it. In the first- and second-class compartments, where I met many government officials and former officers, I heard nothing but imprecations against the victorious powers, and lamentations over the decadence of Germany. Beyond doubt, militarist and nationalist ideals are just as strong as ever among those people. In the third-class compartments, and above all in the fourth-class, where I met workingmen going to and returning from work, an entirely different spirit prevailed. When the war was mentioned, faces hardened and the men began to criticize bitterly the old government. When reparations were discussed, the usual observation was: 'We've got to pay; we understand that. But why do we poor men who suffered most from the war, and never wanted war, and only fought because we were forced to, or deceived, have to foot the bills? We are worse off than ever, while our employers and the wealthy classes, who are really at fault, are growing richer than ever. Let the rich men pay!'

I was struck by the fact that the man most frequently mentioned when such conversations were going on was Hugo Stinnes.

One evening I chanced to be at a village inn, where I sat at dinner next to a workingman who had fought in Belgium. When he learned that I was in the Belgian army, he began to recall his experiences at the front. We discovered that on several occasions we had been face to face in the same sector. On comparing notes, we were both struck to find how similar our impressions were. In a word, we had endured the same hardships and experiences and the same pleasures, under practically identical conditions. It was the same kind of life in the same country. Our trench-stories, sad or humorous, were strangely alike. After we had conversed an hour like this, it suddenly occurred to me that we were talking exactly as if we were old comrades, and that we seemed to have forgotten entirely that we had been on opposite sides.

Some arm-chair patriots may feel outraged at this; but men who actually fought and suffered in the war will understand. They will understand better still if they will try to recall a certain sentiment of solidarity which prevailed among the combatants of both sides in the height of the struggle. At that time all the world seemed divided into two parts. These were not the Central Powers and the Allies, but the front and the country in the rear. We were a sort of community, in the battle-line, bound to each other across our barriers and defenses by our common suffering and labor, and isolated by a sort of resentment from the rest of the world, which was not sharing our dangers and hardships.

And I was surprised by a remark volunteered by the man with whom I

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talked, when we separated. He said that universal peace would be a fact, if the men who make the wars were forced to fight personally as common soldiers in the trenches.

The first subject I wanted to discuss when I met my old pre-war Social-Democrat friend, Hermann Müller, at the headquarters of the party in Berlin, was militarism. Müller is unquestionably the person best qualified to speak for his party on this subject. He is not a man of personal magnetism, a great master of the mob, like Bebel and many other Socialist pioneers. He is not even a fluent speaker. His leadership is due to the confidence which the people have in his sound judgment and honesty. I accompanied Herman Müller to Paris on our tragic journey of conciliation, the first day of August, 1914, and returned with him that night to Brussels, where I bade him farewell at the Northern Railway station almost at the very moment when the German ultimatum reached my government. Our old friendship and our associations during those two tragic days made us friends again, in spite of our estrangement since the beginning of the war.

We spent several hours together, discussing questions in which I was particularly interested. He told me that the old spirit of monarchical and military Germany survived, but that it now constituted a threat to democracy in Germany itself, rather than to foreign countries. The working-classes of Germany are quite as interested as are France and Belgium in securing the complete disarmament of the country. He believes that the Reichswehr has really been reduced to one hundred thousand men. He denied that these troops were composed largely of ex-officers so as to afford a skeleton for a new army several times its size. Inspired by natural fear lest this organization might become a breeding-place of counter-revolution, the new authorities have preferred as recruits younger men, taken for the most part from the casual laboring classes. These young fellows have no special interest or sympathy with militarism. This confirmed my personal observations. I was struck by the inferior quality of the Reichswehr personnel, so far as I was able to observe it. The members appeared to be under-nourished youths, who had resorted to this occupation because they were unemployable in better trades. Müller accounted for the large quantity of arms still concealed among the people by the declining respect for law and authority. Beyond doubt there are still great quantities of rifles, machine-guns, hand-grenades, and here and there a few field-guns, concealed at various points. Müller himself was greatly surprised at the quantity of arms which came to light among the radicals at the time of the Communist revolution last March. Still, only a small proportion of these arms are in the possession of such extremists.

Müller remarked in this connection: 'We Socialists, whether majority or minority Socialists, have no illusion on this point: with unimportant exception, the arms now concealed in Germany will never be used except against the working-classes. They are a danger to the Republic, and the government knows that its survival may depend upon their being found and turned over to the Allied Commission. That is the only way to put an end to the *Orgesh* and other irregular formations, which threaten no one but the Socialists, and have no object except to form the nucleus of a reactionary revolt. However, these military societies are not in immediate danger except in Bavaria. Bavaria is a country apart, and only time will show whether the central government will prove strong enough to compel its reactionary authorities to disarm.'

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FRENCH IRON AND GERMAN COAL

BY H. N. BRAILSFORD

From *The Daily Herald, June* 21
(London Radical Labor Daily)

If Europe were in a normal and stable condition, the meeting of M. Loucheur the other day with Dr. Rathenau would hardly have caused a ripple of excitement, even in the Parisian Press. M. Loucheur is the French Minister charged with the rebuilding of the devastated departments, and Dr. Rathenau is the German Minister who has to organize his country's contribution towards reconstruction. That these two should meet to discuss how far German labor may be used in France, and whether the standardized houses which the Germans propose to build are suited for the purpose, seems so natural that it is surprising only because, in our mad post-war world, every display of common sense is startling.

Some French journalists regret it, as they regret everything which may weaken the sacred vendetta. Others are surprised because no cry of alarm has come from London. Others, again, see in it the beginning of a much wider agreement between the organized capital of France and Germany. For this interpretation there is evidently some warrant.

The two ministers are captains in their respective industrial worlds. M. Loucheur is an iron-master and contractor. Dr. Rathenau, eminent as a scientist and a writer of prophetic books upon social problems, is also the head of the 'A.E.G.,' the great German electrical combination, which had, by its pre-war alliance with the similar American Trust, achieved a virtual world-monopoly in the production of electrical machinery and material.

It is said on good authority that these two discussed the possibility of a friendly alliance between the French iron interest and the German coal interest. We are told also that Dr. Rathenau argued that, if German industry is to earn for France the immense tribute which she demands, it must be helped to find markets. That, again, is common sense, but it happens to be treason to the treaties. The Treaty of Versailles aimed at ending German industrial 'penetration' in less-developed countries, notably, Russia, Turkey, and China. It laid down that her big businesses, even in neutral countries, might be liquidated compulsorily for the reparations' account. An attempt was even made to root out the branches of the A.E.G. from South America. This was a British policy: our competing capital had marked down the A.E.G. as part of its war-booty.

These, then, were obviously delicate negotiations; for if M. Loucheur and Dr. Rathenau should agree that German export trade is to be fostered in markets and in articles in which British trade competes, it might be supposed that their conversations would annoy the ruling capitalist circles in London.

Thus we come distantly within sight of a development which hitherto has looked fantastic. In spite of the violence of French industrialist militarism, in spite of the sentimental dislike of Germans for France, and their compar-

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ative lack of hostility to ourselves, there exists in Germany a small but clever and persevering school of thought, which maintained from the day of the surrender onward that England, not France, was the enemy. Both, it argued, were ruined by the war; the lame man must help the paralytic. Our overseas expansion was the real threat of strangulation to the Continent. As France rained blow on blow upon her prostrate enemy, and we inclined with a Homeric gesture to bestride the fallen body, this school with its anti-British 'Continental' policy was laughed at by 99 Germans in 100. To-day it looks less wildly mistaken in its reading of tendencies.

The history of modern economic Imperialism is bound up with the politics of iron and steel. Cotton, the typical industry of the early age of Capitalism, never tended to Imperialism. Cobden and Bright were its prophets. It exported goods for consumption, and dealt with private traders and customers on a cash basis. It could sell without annexing. Then came railway-building. The contractor went to work, first at home, then in Europe, next in the United States, and finally in the Colonies, and in Lord Salisbury's 'Dying Empires.' He exported capital. His operations were aided, and often led, by banks. He dealt with foreign governments on a concession basis, and required the aid of his own government and its armaments to extort or protect his concessions. His interests were anchored in a particular territory, and were in the nature of things, a monopoly.

During the war the central purpose of German 'heavy industry' seemed to be to facilitate the workings of its trusts, by consolidating Central Europe as an economic unit, with a simple system of tariffs and commercial legislation. This great home sphere was to be rounded off by the annexation of the French iron-ore field of Briey, and the Polish coal-field, and also, perhaps, by the inclusion of Belgium in the economic unit. Thus, nearly the whole iron- and coal-resources of the Continent would have come absolutely within the power of the German cartels. Capital was using war to complete its own concentration and to achieve its ideal of monopoly.

Since the Allied victory the same policy has been followed, though less systematically, by French capital, with iron leading. It recovered the German Lorraine ore-field. It took the Saar coal-field. It used the Poles the other day to rush the Silesian coal-field. It came within a hairbreadth of occupying the Ruhr coal-field. It has broken up the German 'Central Europe' by using the principle of nationality to achieve Balkanization. It nearly managed to get all the coal of Europe under its control.

'Nearly,' however, is useless. British opposition intervened. Paris at last understood that France could not seize the Ruhr without smashing the Entente. Her designs on Upper Silesia are almost equally risky. But these are the two 'key' positions. France has the ore, but her now vastly expanded steel industry cannot achieve more than a national concentration without the use of German coal. The German cartels on their side are in no less urgent need of French ore. If force has failed, another possibility opens out — a close agreement, leading, perhaps, eventually to the creation of Franco-German cartels.

There is nothing new in this idea. A marriage of this kind nearly came about during the long Moroccan crisis. Schneider and Krupp at one time made an agreement to work up the ore of Algerian Ouenza into French and German cannon. M. Caillaux always stood for this tendency, and would have allied French finance-capital with German industry. It is possible that MM. Briand and Loucheur are furtively reviving his

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policy, though they will have much ado to manage their sentimental chauvinists. They may be delaying the solution in Silesia in order to use the threat of the loss of its mines to bring German capital to terms. One can only guess one's way through these designs, and probably at the first attempt so large and risky a scheme will fail.

It is interesting, however, even as a project and a possibility. Capital has always a choice of methods in achieving its own world-wide concentration. It may fight or it may negotiate. Herr Erzberger, in 1917, proposed an amicable Anglo-German combination, based on a deal by which our shipping interest should take up a third of the shares in German shipping, and it a third of ours. We preferred, in 1918, to appropriate the German merchant marine.

Since the peace, however, Allied capital has been 'penetrating' German industry extensively. That process may now have gone so far that our ruling class no longer desires, as it did when the treaty was drafted, to destroy the foreign trade of Germany. Indeed, it sees the uses of an active and capable German industry for the lowering of wages at home. The further this mutual penetration proceeds the nearer shall we come to a conscious international class struggle.

The present phase is one of hesitation and ambiguity. It was London which began the policy of friendly co-operation with Germany. But it has been fitful, inconsistent, and impulsive, as Mr. George's way is. It seems ready to abandon the Continent if it can get its way in Turkey. And now France makes a first essay in the same policy. But she, too, will be fitful and inconsistent. She cannot drop the Poles. She will not give up Turkey to us. The logic of the 'Continental' policy is still too clean-cut for the confused politics of to-day. But it behooves us to move warily. On the day that the Eastern ambitions of Lord Curzon and Mr. Churchill tempt us to abandon Europe to France, the Continental combination will be formed against us.

AN AERIAL LINER

BY J. B.

[During the races at Ascot, the British dirigible R 36 was used to assist in the control of the heavy traffic in the roads leading to the race-tracks. From their vantage-point aloft, the crew of the vessel were able to foresee congestion, and convey the necessary information by wireless to the police on the ground.]

From *The Manchester Guardian, June* 17
(Radica l Liberal Daily)

To go on board your air-liner is still a sort of adventure. You wedge yourself through an angle of the steel lattice of which the mooring mast is constructed, and climb a vertical iron ladder for about 120 feet; then pass by a duck-board gangway into the trap-opening of the ship. The interior of the monster through which you walk is as strange as the interior of the whale must at first have been to Jonah. The narrow, wooden catwalk that runs through the

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ship is supported by thread-like wire braces every yard; and on each side is a network of metal girders like a giant 'Meccano' set.

After a long way you reach a hatchway that takes you down to the passenger cabin, which is like a great Pullman car of 131 feet, accommodating 50 passengers. A passageway runs down the centre, and the sides can be screened into separate cabins. Tables and beds can be unhinged and set in position when wanted. You look out almost beneath you. There is a cooking galley, pantry, baggage-room, and lavatories. The forward part of the car is the control cabin, with all the equipment for navigating and manœuvring the ship; and the wireless also is there. There are five power-cars, which develop 1570 horse-power, driving the liner at a cruising speed of about 50 miles an hour, with a high speed of 70.

The vast size of R 36 — 672 feet — can best be realized by the fact that, if she were stood on end, she would be almost as high again as St. Paul's Cathedral. The crew consists of four officers and 24 men, and they keep watches after the ancient custom of the sea. Air-time, too, is by bells, although they are not struck; and an airship is 'she.'

R 36 left her mooring mast at Pulham (Norfolk) about half-past seven in the morning, and was over London at a quarter to nine. She did not take quite the Zeppelin route, which passed near Ipswich, but joined that dolorous way on the south, and followed it over Enfield and Epping Forest. The motion of the ship is very curious. A sense of buoyancy possesses you. But it is the earth that is moving, like a magic carpet of all colors; and you who are sitting still, having it unrolled before you by some celestial salesman.

What a patchwork is the English countryside! It seems incredible that anyone should trouble to cut it into such snippets and color them with such variety — every shade of red, from blood-hued poppyfields to pale brown ploughed earth; and every shade of green, from a harsh blue-green to a green that was almost orange. The roads curl and twist as if they had been made in imitation of the streams. It is only canals that show straight lines. The Norfolk and Cambridge villages and farmhouses, with their narrow red roofs and smattering of outhouses and ponds, like bits of broken mirror; the old russet-toned manor-houses set cozily in a nest of trees, with parks and little gray churches close by and rhododendrons coloring the shrubberies; windmills which, when going, are the only moving thing in the landscapes; sheep clustering together; ornamental waters, with white particles on them that must be swans — these were the points in the panorama for the first fifty miles. What was that white smoke down there — where was the train? Oh! so it was clouds, of course. It takes a little till one gets one's air eyes.

The strange thing is the unoccupied look of the country. The roads are empty; there is no one working in the fields. Nothing is moving. No birds are flying below us. One expected to see larks — surely they know that we belonged to their crowd now? The first town we passed closely was Saffron Walden, after a glimpse of Cambridge halls and towers in the distance. The neatness of the pinched rows of houses, each with its apron of garden, and the delicately articulated church, its slender spire, and the trees running into it all round, gave it a good appearance. But it is the great houses like Audley End that come off best in an aerial scrutiny. They look like the models you see in the old portraits, in the hands of the founders of ancient churches and colleges.

At last London, with its suburbs

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stretching out like coils and rows of tubes and a film of smoke dulling the view. However did the Germans manage to miss with so many of their shots! The air-liner swings to the west. Hammersmith Bridge is plain, and the streets are busy with traffic, some of it for Ascot. There are few signs of it on the way up the river. R 36 will have an easy day.

Our beat seemed to be between Kew Bridge and Ascot, but not within three miles of the race-course, for even the gentle purring of R 36, it was thought, might disturb the race-horses, or, at any rate, the bookmakers. Most of the time she is a Royal policewoman on the Windsor beat. Windsor, with the Royal Standard over the Round-Tower, looks like a tin castle, for its leaden roofs glimmer in the sun. Round it are tattooed parterres of flowers, and the broad walk has a trimming of parsley. The Round-Tower, even from a height, looks as strong and self-contained as a seashell. An inch or two away is the little white-domed mausoleum of Frogmore, and another inch off is Virginia Water in its forest of trees and rhododendrons. Very little traffic here, and the wireless finger was not upraised to stop the motors. At Staines there are groups of crawling motor-cars and some coming from Guildford.

As for Ascot, we could see the white stands — but what horse won the Coventry Stakes or the Gold Vase, or whether the ladies were really wearing organdie, whether gehenna hair has gone out and betel-red teeth have come in, the strongest air-glasses on the ship could not tell.

Then back to London, and the R 36 circled over Croydon and dropped a parachute containing the first part of this account of the airship's trip. The parachute was launched from an opening on the bow, and we watched its white umbrella descending softly, missing the aerodrome, until, after touching a tree it fell in a field against a wall. The drop was 2000 feet. A tiny figure could be discerned scrambling across the field for it. All was well.

The light was better as we hit the Thames over the docks, and the historic London disclosed itself beneath us. The streets seemed half-empty, the traffic all crawling, and the barges on the river all deserted. What a jam of streets, all the same — however do these insect people find out their houses at night? The biggest figure we saw was the big bear on the Mappin Terrace at the Zoo. R 36 roared over the animals. One wondered if the elephants and camels looked up and got a free sight of R 36? What was the luck at Lord's? The field was empty. The worst was feared.

Back again to Ascot, and this time we went over the race-course; but the races were almost finished and the black roads were well sprinkled with little shapes overtaking and passing one another. The stands were deserted, but there was still a pack of cars and crowds of booths and tents, and pin-heads that may have been people — possibly even winners. Even from the top Ascot looked pretty, with its ringlets of trees behind the grand stand and its green, lawnlike expanses. A tiny spot of moving color was discerned as a jockey on a horse walking on the course. So the R 36 saw something of the Ascot races. All the time she had been serving the affair. Here are two sample messages: —

'R 36 to Staines: Omnibuses and heavies are not being diverted at Egham from Basingstoke Road, as arranged, toward Windsor. Please communicate and report reason.'

'Staines to R 36: Egham police on way to rectify this at once.'

Now for Croydon and the second parachute.

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THE SOUL OF JOHN CAMPION

BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

From *The New Statesman, June* 18
(LIBERAL LABOR WEEKLY)

JOHN CAMPION followed the hotel porter up the stairs, which seemed almost pitch-dark after the white glare of the piazza. The porter unlocked a door, ushered Campion into a bedroom, deposited his bag on a wooden stand, and departed, closing the door behind him.

Campion went to the window and opened the green shutters. Dazzling autumn sunshine flooded the room and, looking out, he received the sudden impression that he was standing on the brink of a precipice; for, sheer below his window, the plain, covered with miniature vineyards, miniature fields, miniature trees, and streaked by miniature roads like chalk-lines on a slate, spread far and wide, curving up at last into a wall of violet hills, which rose peak above peak, like wave-crests on a windy sea.

The room looked cool and spacious, with its high, elaborately painted ceiling, smooth white sheets and pillows, and the pleasing confusion of clean towels. He could detect only one fault: the servant had omitted to sweep the empty hearth, into which his predecessor had thrown a quantity of tobacco ash and several cigar-ends. He dropped into an easy-chair, feeling suddenly that he was very tired. His heart had been troubling him again in the train, and he reflected that he had been foolish to carry his bag to the station that morning.

Campion was a man of few friends. No one of his eminence had kept himself so aloof from his contemporaries. To the public he was known by his books only; every detail of his life and habits, and even his personal appearance, were wrapped in complete mystery. A hatred of tobacco and a complete irresponsiveness to music were possibly signs of a temperament pharisaic, fastidious, and cynical, which, in his work, revealed itself in a terse, mordant style, a vehicle for sharp definition, exact criticism, pungent wit, and a skepticism that delighted in playing havoc among the conventionally religious.

When he sufficiently rested, Campion proceeded to unpack. His open suitcase displayed perfection in the art of packing; and as he carefully removed each article from its place in the bag, he disposed it with extreme exactitude in its appointed place in drawer or cupboard. Three or four paper-backed books were placed symmetrically on a table near the bed. Between finger and thumb he lifted from the bag a bundle of long Italian cigars, sniffed them with an expression of disgusted curiosity, and placed them in a drawer. The next article to be unpacked was a Bible, newly bound in an elaborately tooled Florentine binding. Campion opened it. The inside was much used: there were pencilings here and there, and on a loose sheet of paper were various references headed 'Helpful Texts.' With a contemptuous shrug Campion placed it in a drawer beside the cigars and removed from the bag a large thin volume on which the title, *Beethoven's Sonatas*, was printed in gold. He opened the volume and glanced uncomprehendingly at the musical notation.

When all had thus been unpacked and composed as precisely and impeccably as one of his own essays, Campion took a writing-case from a drawer and pro-

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ceeded to write a letter. 'I arrived here an hour ago,' he wrote, 'and after four days here I shall start for England. I have already executed all your commissions. Your fifty abominable cigars are bought and have already impregnated all my linen with their disgusting stench. While in Florence I had my wife's Bible bound according to her orders, with the result that it now looks as inviting as a novel by D'Annunzio. By the way, I found inside it a loose half-sheet of prescriptions (for spiritual consumption only), which I thought best to have bound in.

'When at Assisi yesterday I acquired a sort of Christmas-card containing a leaf from one of St. Francis's miraculous rose-trees. There is printed information to the effect that excellent results will be obtained from the leaf if used with faith. I have enclosed it in the Bible. For myself, I prefer the old-fashioned mustard-leaf which is equally efficacious with or without faith, since it produces rapid conviction by certain compelling properties of its own.

'When in Florence I happened to pick up a volume of Beethoven's Sonatas, copiously annotated in pencil by a certain Rubinstein. The acquaintance who pointed it out to me assured me that this Rubinstein was a famous pianist, and that the volume was of considerable interest. I am therefore bringing it home for Muriel on the strict understanding that she refrains from playing the contents while I am in the house.

'Thanks for your list of younger Italian writers. Obedient to your exhortations, I have bought a volume or two of Papini, but I remain unconverted. Papini's *Un Uomo Finito*, which I shall finish in bed to-night, I find extremely tedious. The feverish verbosity tires and the entire lack of restraint sickens me. I have, so far, found no one to my taste among these younger Italians.'

Having addressed and stamped this letter, Campion posted it in the hall when he went down to dinner. At dinner he found himself sharing a table with the only other Englishman in the hotel, a well-informed fellow and a good talker. Campion liked him, and after dinner they continued their conversation over coffee in the lounge. But Campion's heart was bothering him again. Clearly, he told himself, slightly scared, he ought not to have carried his bag to the station that morning. He would have to take it easy during the next few days. He rose heavily from his chair and, ordering his *café au lait* for ten o'clock next morning, went slowly and carefully upstairs.

In his bedroom he saw the Italian books on the table near his bed, *Un Uomo Finito* on top of the rest. The thought of them filled him with weariness and depression. He could certainly not stand any of that blustering stuff to-night, but he would have his notebook and pencil near him in case of sleeplessness. But the notebook was not to be found. He did not even remember unpacking it. Campion invariably folded the notebook inside some article of clothing; he had done so that morning when packing, and at once he realized that it must now be in one of the drawers, still wrapped in clothes. The first drawer that he tried to open stuck, and the struggle involved in opening it irritated him, and when he got it open he could not find the notebook.

These occurrences repeated themselves in the case of the second drawer, and Campion, losing all patience, pursued a frenzied and unsuccessful search through both, leaving the contents in wild confusion. As they had refused to open, so both drawers refused to shut, and it was only after reproducing a stage thunderstorm, that he succeeded in closing them. He undressed, feeling breathless and upset; and as he unfolded

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his pajamas the notebook fell out of the jacket. In stooping to pick it up he noticed that the cigar-ends still lay in the empty fireplace. How disgusting! Feeling very ill-tempered, he got into bed and put out the light.

When the waiter knocked at the door next morning with the *café au lait*, Campion did not reply. The waiter entered and put down the tray on the table near the bed. The English gentleman was asleep. In the twilight of the shuttered room the waiter could see the motionless hands and face and the disordered bedclothes. He went to the window and opened the shutters. When he turned again toward the bed, the waiter received a shock, for the English gentleman was not asleep, but dead. The fact was immediately, appallingly obvious. The waiter glanced hurriedly at the dressing-table, helped himself to a jewelled tie-pin and a gold stud, and left the room, locking the door after him.

When the necessary investigations were made, it was thought best that the only other Englishman in the hotel should be present. It was only after considerable search among Campion's effects that his identity was satisfactorily established.

In England the news of Campion's death produced those results which always follow the death of an eminent writer. Monthly and weekly publications, and those dailies with literary inclinations, printed critical articles, more or less detailed, on Campion's work. Here and there a few rare personal reminiscences appeared, and that other Englishman, who had seen Campion both alive and dead in the Italian hotel where he died, was pressed to contribute his experiences. So little was known of Campion himself, it was pointed out, that it became the duty of everyone who had anything to tell about the great man to tell it. The Englishman, thus exhorted, contributed his experiences. After describing his dinner and subsequent conversation with Campion, the Englishman continued as follows: —

'It may seem strange that one who had known Campion for not more than two hours should presume to write about his private life and habits; but the fact that it was my melancholy duty to be present at the inspection of his personal belongings a few hours after his death, and in the room where he still lay as he had died, made it possible for me, by reason of this sudden intimate dip into his privacy, to learn a few details not perhaps generally known concerning his tastes and habits.

'Like many people of artistic temperament, Campion was desperately untidy. His clothing was flung pell-mell into drawers, in a disorder which one would almost have said was deliberate. As I have already stated, Campion refused cigarettes, nor did he smoke after our dinner together, so that I was surprised to find that he was an inveterate smoker. In his bedroom cigar-ash and several cigar-ends lay in the grate, and on the table was a bundle of at least fifty Toscani.

'It will surprise those familiar with his writings to learn that actually Campion was an intensely religious man. He carried with him on his travels a Bible which gave evidence of continual use; many verses were pencil-marked, and a carefully written list of references headed "Helpful Texts" appeared on a sheet bound into the book. This Bible was evidently one of his most cherished possessions, for it had recently been rebound in an expensive Florentine binding. Enclosed in it was an illuminated card from the church of the Porziuncula, doubtless brought by him from Assisi on the day before his death.

'Campion was an enthusiastic student of modern Italian literature. By

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his bed were found several books by Giovanni Papini, whose *Uomo Finito* he was reading at the time of his death. Inside this book, marking the page he had reached, was a long list of other Italian writers of the younger school.

'No one would suspect from his books that Campion was a keen musician. Yet among his luggage he carried a volume of Beethoven's Sonatas, which gave evidence, like the Bible, of much use, and was, moreover, copiously annotated in pencil. Whether these notes were his own or those of a music-master, the fact remains that he had made a close study of the Sonatas of the greatest of musicians.

'It is facts like these which remind us once more how rash it is to attempt to deduce too literally a writer's personality from his writings, showing us, as they do, how large a portion of an artist's character may be entirely unapparent in his art.'

Perhaps none of Campion's few friends ever saw this interesting fragment; at least, they never publicly commented on it; and when, some years later, a well-known writer was compiling what is now the standard biography of John Campion, the details of this article, in view of the extraordinary scarcity of information relating to the man as distinguished from the writer, proved to be of inestimable value.

BOATS AT NIGHT

BY EDWARD SHANKS

[*The Outlook*]

How lovely is the sound of oars at night
  And unknown voices, borne through windless air,
From shadowy vessels floating out of sight
  Beyond the harbor-lantern's broken glare
To those piled rocks that make on the dark wave
  Only a darker stain. The splashing oars
Slide softly on as in an echoing cave
  And with the whisper of the unseen shores
Mingle their music, till the bell of night
  Murmurs reverberations low and deep
That droop towards the land in swooning flight
  Like whispers from the lazy lips of sleep.
The oars grow faint. Below the cloud-dim hill
The shadows fade and now the bay is still.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

WITHOUT CONTENTMENT

BY W. H. DAVIES

[*To-Day*]

WITHOUT contentment, what is life?
Contented minds like bees can suck
Sweet honey out of soot, and sleep
Like butterflies on stone or rock.

Contented minds are not in towns,
Where stars are far away and cold;
That tremble till they almost fall,
When they draw near to Nature's world.

Such quiet nights we'll have again,
And walk, when early morning comes,
Those dewy cemeteries, the fields —
When they are white with mushroom tombs.

HIGH SHORES

BY BERNARD RAYMUND

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

FROM the water's edge
High shores sweep up,
The curve of a great shell
Laid open to the sky.
A great shell, stained and pitted,
Holding in its iridescent
Purple and orange and black
Eternities of windless sun.

High shores leaning over quiet water
Curving slowly to the sky,
Topped with the green
Of twisted arbor-vitæ —
How long have they peered down
Into the quiet water,
These old trees?
How much do they know
Of this rock shell
They hug so fiercely?
What do they see of the fleeting
Glint of water shadows?
O minnow!
What do these high shores,
What do these gaunt arbor-vitæ,
Know of you and me?

ΠΑΝΤΩΝ ΓΛΥΚΥΤΑΤΩΝ ΜΕΤΑΒΟΛΗ

(Change is Sweetest of All)

BY CLIVE BELL

[*The New Statesman*]

FRANKLY, I do not greatly care
Always to be my best;
I like sometimes to take the air,
Sometimes to take a rest.

Sometimes, austere philosopher,
I seek what thought reveals:
At other times I much prefer
Silk stockings and high heels.

And sometimes Beauty moves me much,
And sometimes Pleasure more;
Great art seems sometimes double Dutch,
And Amabel a bore.

Is God's clock always just at noon?
Is Heaven always fair?
May angels not adore the moon?
Is there no tea-time there?

Why, then, how blest are we on earth,
Who know an ampler range,
With blondes and browns and grief and mirth
And, above all things, Change.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

MISTRAL AND THE SUBCONSCIOUS

In an article in *L'Action Française*, M. Léon Daudet, Deputy of Paris, who attended the services in commemoration of the seventh anniversary of Mistral's death, some time ago, gives a vivid picture of the personality of the poet. Among other things, he remarks that 'during his sleep, the invention of the poet . . . used to work beneath his closed eyelids.'

M. Daudet thus adds one more to a series of similar cases among men eminent in the arts and sciences, who have found that nebulous entity, 'the subconscious,' of assistance in artistic or scientific creation. Coleridge's story of writing 'Kubla Khan' in a dream, while under the influence of drugs, and the legend that the devil, appearing to Tartini in a dream, played him a sonata for violin which the composer afterward committed to paper, are the most familiar.

It is not so well known that Louis Agassiz once dreamed the solution of a difficult palæontological problem; and that Henri Poincaré, the eminent mathematician, in his *Science et Methode*, frankly gives his subconscious mind credit for some of his achievements. Beethoven's letters reveal that he, too, on at least one occasion, dreamed music which he afterwards wrote out; but the composition itself is of so little importance that it has never attracted attention, being little more than a musical pleasantry at the expense of one of his friends.

M. Daudet, in the following passage, gives an interesting picture of the Provençal poet's daily life and thought: —

> The mingling of the epic and the familiar — which is a part of the magic of poetry — appeared during the least pretentious walk in the company of Frédéric Mistral; from a flower, from a bush, from a ruined wall, from a heap of rubbish, he rose easily to those high, creative moods which Goethe called the 'Mothers' and which make our civilization. His explanation of this thought and his views had the clearness of the horizon of the Alpille, and partook of that superior human quality which its contrary, the dreadful spirit of pedantic learning, has not been able to destroy among us. For he was not concerned with finding the causes that lay behind the whole universe and creation; rather he sought to seize the relations, winged or profound, between facts which appeared most widely separated.
>
> His tender respect for legend was allied in Mistral with the taste for natural explanation whenever that was possible. A fervent Catholic, he impregnated his work with that atmosphere of miracle which accords so well with the spirit of observation and which is the stimulant of lyric creation as it is of scientific discovery. The pseudo-philosophic pretentions of the second half of the nineteenth century did not touch him nor did they even approach him. His good sense escaped from the blunders of intellectual pride or from the rubber-stamp thinking of the library by way of irony.
>
> His language was always simple and clear, especially on complex subjects, and sparkled as if with scintillating spangles of gold. The power of a shepherd people was in him, that power made of calm horizons, of labors in the field as the seasons roll round, and of the contemplation of the stars. He used to tell how during his sleep, the invention of the poet mingling with memories used to work beneath his closed eyelids. His work often mingled with interlacing dreams the keen freshness of awakening.
>
> People who do not know, or those who do not reflect, are led to think that, among citizens, poets are merely ornamental. They take Plato's paradox seriously. It seems on the other hand that a poet of Mistral's sort, reviver and sustainer, may be an essential part of the banquet of life for his fellow

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countrymen. His writing, like the power of nature, works with intelligence, leads, little by little, among all classes and through troubles and difficulties, to slow, profound, and benevolent transformations.

MAKING JAPANESE PRINTS

Mr. Kanroku Kubota, the managing director of the Shimbi-Shoin, a famous color-printing firm of Tokyo, contributes to the special Japan Number of the Manchester *Guardian* a brief history of the art of woodcut printing and a description of the processes employed. Extremely simple wooden engravings appear to have been in use in Japan as early as the twelfth century of the Christian era, perhaps as an outgrowth of the practice of cutting characters or designs on wood type for printing, which began in Japan about the tenth century.

In the sixteenth century the art of making prints in color appeared. Calligraphies and drawings in monochrome, black, red, or green, came into use; and the beginning of the next century brought polychrome printing in combinations of black, red, indigo, and yellow. In the eighteenth century the art had so progressed that many colors were being used together to produce brilliant effects; and mica and silver dust began to be used to fill the space not occupied by the printed impression.

During the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries the woodcut became exceedingly popular, and Hiroshige and other painters introduced many innovations in a process which had become so complex that twenty blocks were required to make one print. The Japanese print-makers used cherry wood, and preferred a longitudinal section for making the blocks, rather than the cross section used by western engravers in wood. Although blocks of this type are less durable than the cross sections, they give the Japanese prints their characteristic finish.

Mr. Kubota describes as follows the art of the print as it exists to-day: —

From about 1890 was started the modern Japanese color reproduction of old pictures drawn in thick colors. The old processes were improved and multiplied to such an extent that sometimes several hundred printing operations have to be gone through in order to produce a single print. In addition to the usual liquid paints, so-called *iwa enogu*, or mineral paints, which were formerly considered most difficult to apply in the processes of reproduction, now form a usual part of the printer's equipment. Compared with that of the West, the Japanese method of color reproduction must be considered unnecessarily tedious; but the very fact of its being unpractical lends it a peculiar charm and beauty of its own.

Tedious and complicated as is the art of woodcut printing, some designs require the labor of several craftsmen, extending over a space of one month, to produce a hundred sheets. Each sheet of paper is kept in a moistened state during the entire length of that period. The block is also moistened through wet cloths being used to sweep off the residual paint after each impression has been taken. The finely adjusted humidity of paper and block makes it possible to produce several hundred sheets of the same print, executed without the slightest variation or faulty overlapping. Of course, an extraordinary degree of skill and experience is required in the printer to achieve this result. Five hundred is the utmost number of copies that can be produced from the same block without showing any trace of a worn-out block. This accounts for the comparative costliness of woodcut prints, though this drawback is more than compensated for by the great beauty of the effect produced.

THE RAREST BRITISH POSTAGE-STAMP

One of the four extant copies of the rarest of all British postage-stamps, the tenpenny red-brown, issued in 1865, has been sold in London for 240 pounds.

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Only one sheet of these stamps was ever issued. They were printed on paper watermarked with the national emblems instead of with the usual spray of a rose tree, and were sent to Constantinople. All of the four now in existence bear the Constantinople postmark, a heavy 'C' in a line circle.

The British post-office at Constantinople came into existence during the Crimean War, and was continued after peace was made, because of the inefficiency of the Turks. The British postal stations which have been opened in Turkey since the Armistice are being supplied with ordinary stamps.

✤

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S CENSUS PAPER

ALTHOUGH old census papers are supposed to be destroyed after the necessary data have been obtained and the reports finished, a fortunate English collector still possesses a paper filled out by the Duke of Wellington for the census of 1851. To the question, 'Any deaf or dumb in household?' he replied, 'I am deaf'; and to the question, 'Where born?' he replied 'Born in Ireland — believe in Athy.' The Iron Duke was wrong as to his birthplace, however, for records show that he was actually born in Upper Merrion Street, Dublin.

✤

'SAFETY FIRST' IN JAPAN

AN English resident of Tokyo forwards to *Punch* the following 'Rules of the Road' translated into English for the benefit of foreigners, which he says he copied from a notice in the Tokyo Central Police Station:—

1. At the rise of the hand of the policeman, stop rapidly.
2. Do not pass him by or otherwise disrespect him.
3. When a passenger of the foot hove in sight, tootle the horn; trumpet at him melodiously at first, but if he still obstacles your passage tootle him with vigor and express by work of mouth the warning 'Hi, hi.'
4. Beware the wandering horse that he shall not take fright as you pass him by. Do not explode an exhaust box at him. Go soothingly by.
5. Give big space to the festive dog that shall sport in the roadway.
6. Avoid entanglement of dog with your wheel spokes.
7. Go soothingly on the grease mud, as there lurks the skid demon.
8. Press the brake of the foot as you roll round the corner to save the collapse and tie-up.

✤

'THE NUISANCE OF PSYCHOLOGY'

UNDER the title, 'The Nuisance of Psychology,' a writer who reviews Dr. Gustave Le Bon's new book, *The World in Revolt: a Psychological Study of our Times*, devotes the opening paragraphs of his review to a bitter attack upon the young science, or at least upon its amateur practitioners. If the title had not already indicated the reviewer's frame of mind, his opening sentence would leave no doubt about it.

> This must be very nearly the worst book in the world [he says, and goes on]. It is something of a scandal that it should be offered as a 'psychological' study. We are all familiar with the plague of people who imagine that half a dozen pseudo-medical obscenities constitute 'psycho-analysis'; but scarcely less of a plague are those amateurs who imagine that the capacity to string together a few flat platitudes and thin falsehoods is all the equipment necessary for the psychologist.

Psychology, after all, is something pretty definite. It is not yet an 'arrived' science, true: it is maltreated by enthusiasts; it fades away shadowily into physiology on the one side and philosophy on the other; it does not know when it is beaten. Such is the extreme indictment that can be brought against it; but, when all that is said, the fact remains that psychology *is* a science — almost daily, like other sciences, becoming

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fuller and more exact, and increasingly studied by some of the most genuinely scientific minds. There is, therefore, no excuse whatever for the assumption, by the incoherent and repetitive hotchpotch before us, of a title which puts forward the claim to scientific value. Why it should have been written at all we cannot guess.

*

BEN JONSON'S 'BARTHOLOMEW FAIR' REVIVED

THE Phœnix Society of London has added Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* to its list of Elizabethan revivals. Not very successful in its own day, the play met with only passable success in ours. Only during the Restoration was it at all popular, when its anti-Puritanism made it highly acceptable to the theatre-going public.

A difficulty which has appeared before in the presentation of old plays was evident once more. The modern actor, accustomed to the delivery of prose, as a rule reads blank verse with difficulty, and the result is that the old dramatists do not always get a fair hearing. *Bartholomew Fair* suffered as have numerous other revivals. Many critics commented on its curious likeness to a modern *revue*.

*

INTERNATIONAL DRAMA

ALTHOUGH Mr. George Moore, with his ideas of the strict necessity of provincialism as the forerunner of creation in any of the arts, will scarcely approve, theatrical exchanges between European countries are already going on to such an extent that the gradual development of a species of international drama is now proposed. Mr. Hackett, the American, and Miss Thorndike, the English actress, have been appearing in Paris in *Macbeth*. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt appeared a few months ago in London. The company of Shakespearean actors at the 'Old Vic' in London has been invited to Brussels by the Belgian government.

A 'League of Nations Theatre,' now suggested, has, of course, no formal relation to the League. The scheme, which has been devised in England 'to assist the reconstruction of the international of art,' merely implies the tour of Continental centres by English actors in the best type of English plays. The proposed tour, if taken, would include Scandinavia, where the people are such excellent linguists that the visit of an English company presents few of the obstacles inevitable in a Scandinavian return visit to England.

The Manchester *Guardian* comments editorially on the plan, as follows: —

> The notion that a League of Nations Theatre should produce dogmatically internationalist plays is as fatal as the belief that a People's Theatre could flourish in this country on a diet of Labor plays. The ideal is an exchange of quality in thought and expression. The direct service to the League as a piece of political machinery may not seem obvious. But the giving and receiving of intellectual and aesthetic services will plainly help to strengthen the foundations of the peace that comes from understanding.

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1819

1921

WM. B. CLARK, President

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SOUTH AMERICAN CURRENTS. I	*Colin Ross*
THE FOREIGN POLICY OF THE ABC STATES	*Dr. Albert Haas*
MEXICO REVISITED	*Willy Dreyfus*
SPAIN'S MISCARRIED REVOLUTION	*Francisco Grandmontagne*
MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI	*Georg Brandes*
GERMAN UNIVERSITIES TO-DAY	*Levin L. Schücking*
RUSSIA'S NEW ECONOMY	*N. Bucharin*
THE PEASANTS ARE WAITING	
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